

NOVEMBER

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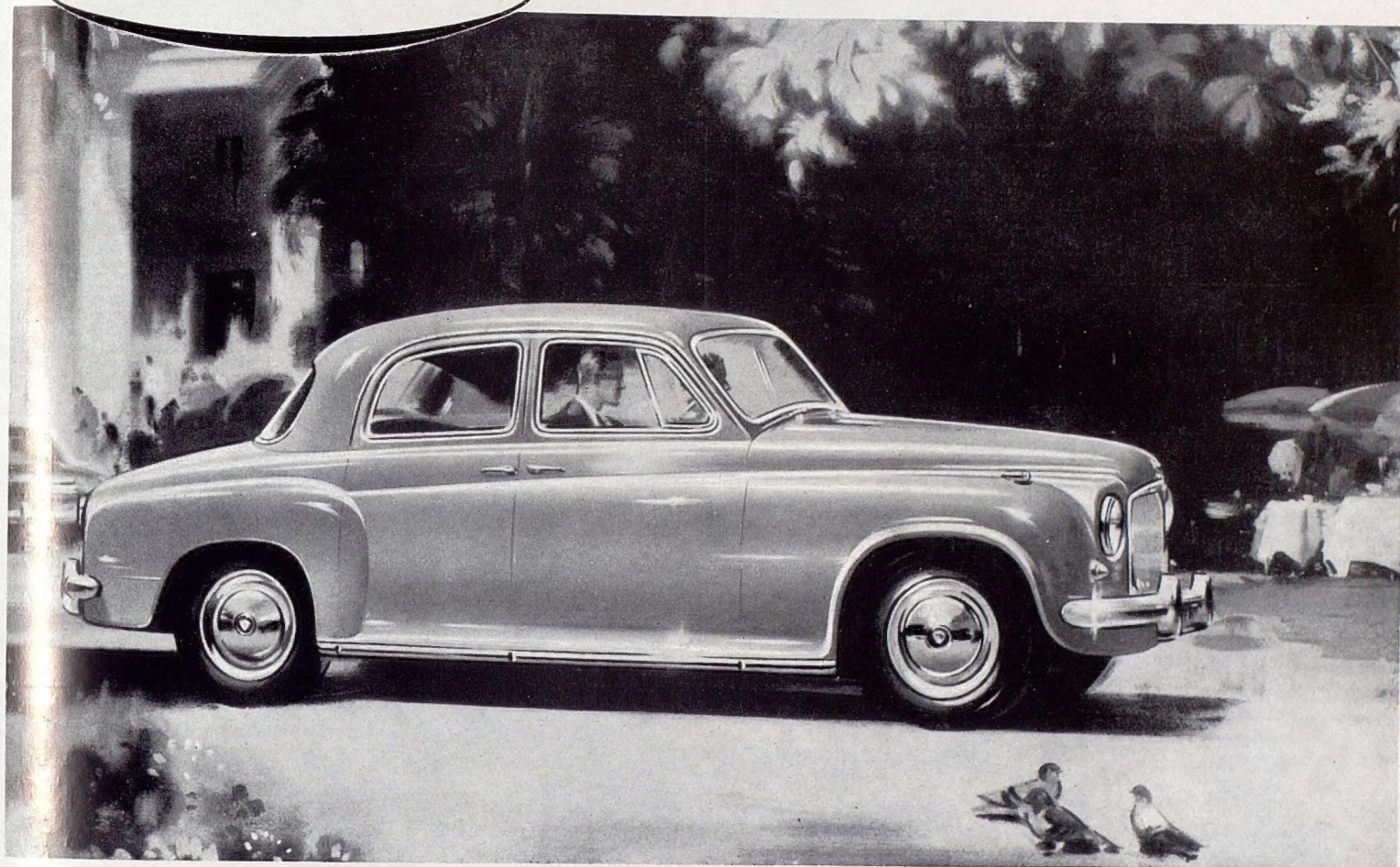


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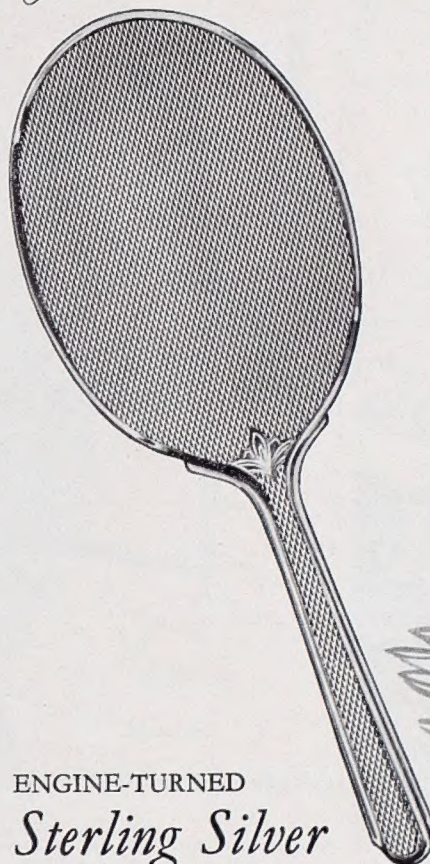
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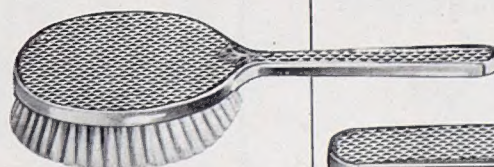
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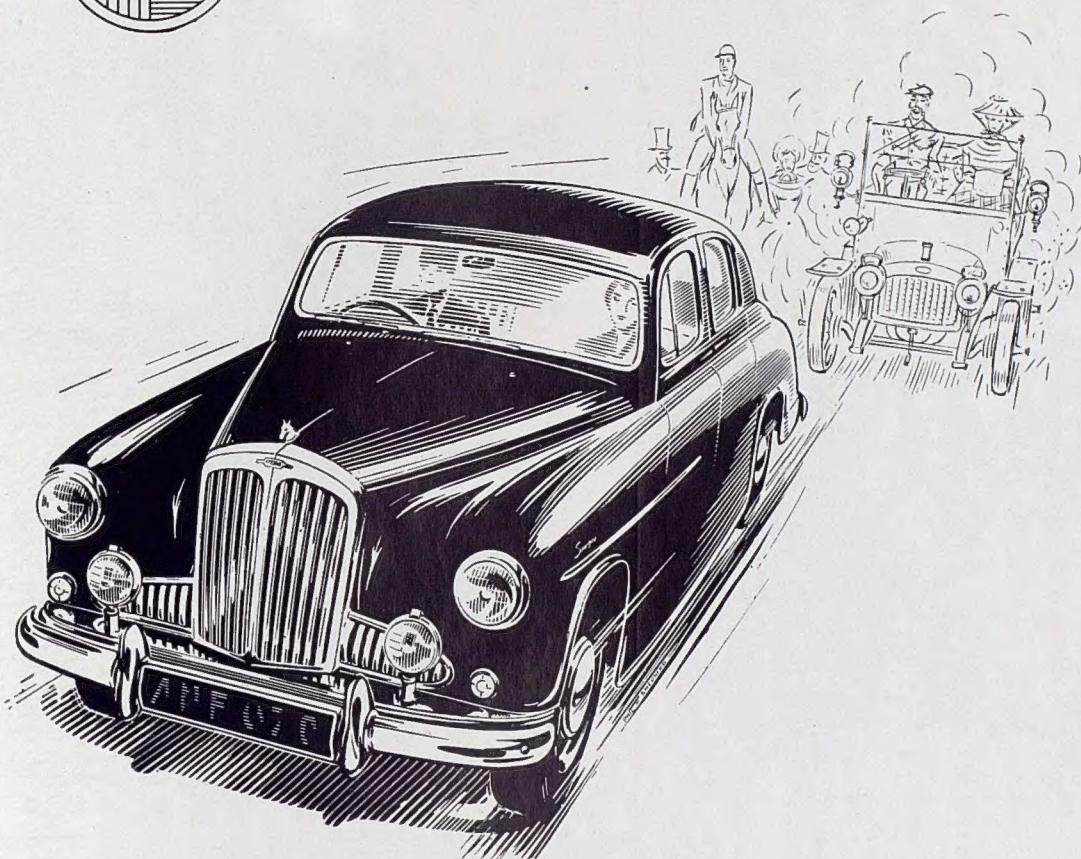
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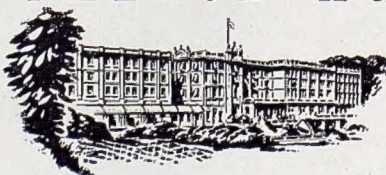
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From November 2 to November 9

Nov. 2 (Wed.) Princess Margaret attends a Service of Thanksgiving and Re-dedication at St. Paul's Cathedral to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the death of Dr. Barnardo.

H.R.H. Princess Alice attends the Hallowe'en Ball in aid of the National Children Adoption Association at the Dorchester.

First night of *La Plume De Ma Tante* with Robert Dhery, at the Garrick Theatre.

Nov. 3 (Thurs.) The Queen holds an evening presentation party for members of the Diplomatic Corps at Buckingham Palace. The Queen Mother attends the annual prize-giving of the Royal College of Music.

The Guy Fawkes Ball, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, at the Savoy Hotel.

Racing at Liverpool (three days).

Nov. 4 (Fri.) Prince Philip opens the sports arena and running track at the Woodside playing fields, Watford, and as Grand Master officiates at the annual installation ceremony of the Guild of Air Pilots and Air Navigators of the British Empire at the Grocers' Hall. The Prince also attends the Regimental Dinner of the 8th King's Royal Hussars, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief, at the Cavalry Club.

The Gurkha Brigade annual dinner in the Harcourt Room, House of Commons, by courtesy of Sir Patrick Spens, M.P.

The British Automobile Racing Club dinner and dance at Grosvenor House.

Nov. 5 (Sat.) Prince Philip attends annual dinner of the Welsh Guards Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Association at the Victoria Hotel. Racing at Windsor.

Nov. 6 (Sun.) The Queen and Prince Philip attend the Remembrance Day service at the Cenotaph.

Nov. 7 (Mon.) The Queen and Prince Philip attend the annual performance in aid of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund at the Victoria Palace.

Racing at Leicester (two days).

Nov. 8 (Tues.) The Queen holds an Investiture at Buckingham Palace.

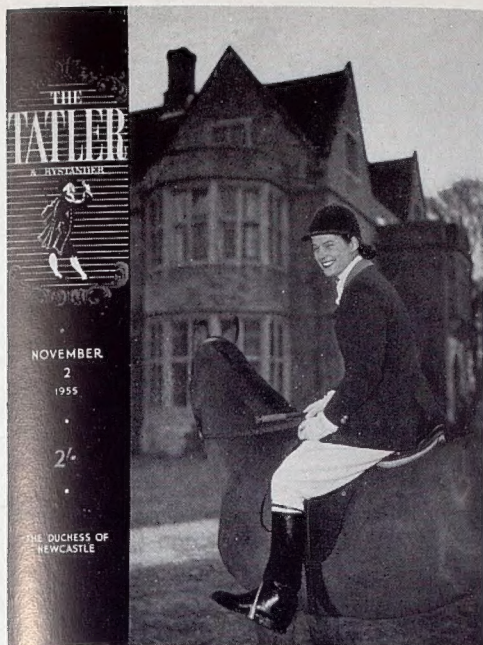
The Queen Mother presents prizes at the Middlesex Hospital.

Y.W.C.A. Christmas Fair at the Hyde Park Hotel (two days).

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester attends the special presentation of *Stars Of To-morrow* at the Scala Theatre in aid of the Children's Country Holidays Fund.

Nov. 9 (Wed.) The Queen visits the Headquarters of the Royal National Institute for the Blind in Gt. Portland Street.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret visit the annual exhibition and sale of work of war-disabled ex-Servicemen in the showrooms of the Lord Roberts Workshops, Brompton Road. Prince Philip lunches with members of the Parliamentary and Scientific Committee at the House of Commons.



William Morris

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE, who appears on the cover of *The Tatler* this week, is Master of the Wylde Valley and was photographed when the hunt met at Eastleigh Court, near Warminster, home of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. A. Southey. The Duchess was formerly Lady Diana Montagu-Stuart-Wortley, daughter of the late Earl of Wharnclyffe and sister of the present Earl. She married the 9th Duke of Newcastle in 1946 and they have two daughters. The Wylde Valley foxhounds hunt mostly on Salisbury Plain and have some good valley country on the Frome side. The Duchess became Master of the pack last year.

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Swache

London bids farewell to Italian friends

DON LIVIO THEODOLI, Marchese di Lambuci, and Donna Dieda, his Hungarian-born wife, are seen at their home in Belgrave Square. Don Livio, who is returning to Rome this month as Assistant Director-General of Political Affairs in the Italian Foreign

Office, has been five years in this country as Minister Counsellor in the Italian Embassy and has acted as Chargé d'Affaires for long terms. The Marchese and Marchesa are very keen on riding and have hunted with both the Heythrop and the Warwickshire

MISS APRIL BRUNNER

AMONG the many arresting pictures by Mr. Bernard Powell to be seen in the exhibition of his paintings, which opens on November 10 at the Antiques and Old Masters, 125 New Bond Street, is this portrait of Miss April Brunner. Miss Brunner, who was one of the outstanding débutantes of the 1954 season, is the daughter of Wing Commander and Mrs. Patrick Brunner, and a goddaughter of the late Queen Mary



Social Journal

Jennifer

THE QUEEN'S RETURN

SINCE her return from Balmoral, the Queen has fulfilled a number of official engagements, including the reception of newly appointed diplomats at the Court of St. James's, and receiving the octogenarian Dr. Albert Schweitzer and presenting him with the Insignia of a member of the Order of Merit. With Prince Philip and other members of the Royal Family she was present at the service of rededication of the chapel at Lambeth Palace, afterwards dining with the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Fisher.

The following day, with Prince Philip, Her Majesty visited Cambridge, where a big crowd stood in the pouring rain to cheer them. Their official engagements here included a visit to the Guildhall, and to Newnham College where they were received by the Chancellor of Cambridge University, Marshal of the Royal

Air Force Lord Tedder. They lunched with the Master, Lord Adrian, at Trinity College, and afterwards went to the new Veterinary School which the Queen opened, and to Girton College, before returning to London.

NEXT morning, again in teeming rain, the Queen, in a black coat and black hat, unveiled the very fine National Memorial statue of her father King George VI, which has been erected between the Mall and Carlton Gardens. She was accompanied by Prince Philip in naval uniform. On their arrival they were received by Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Lieutenant of the County of London, the Mayor of Westminster, the Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden, the Minister of Works, Mr. Nigel Birch, the Lord Mayor, and several other officials. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, also wearing a black coat with a black hat, Princess Margaret,

well wrapped up in a mink coat wearing a little black hat, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent were among other members of the Royal Family present.

Sir George Wilkinson, chairman of the committee of the Memorial Fund and a former Lord Mayor of London, presented an address to the Queen, who then performed the Unveiling.

MAKING her reply to the address in a resonant and sincere voice that all around could hear perfectly, the Queen spoke of her father's devotion to duty, without any thought of himself, throughout his life. She mentioned the war days which the late King and his Queen spent in London, when during the blitzes they visited badly bomb-damaged districts, sharing the sorrow of their subjects. She paid tribute also to the great personal interest her father took in his people all over the world—a gift which our beloved young

Queen has, it is clear, inherited to the full.

At the end of this simple yet stirring ceremony the Minister of Works presented to Her Majesty Lady Boyce, widow of the late Sir Leslie Boyce who when Lord Mayor launched the Memorial Fund, Mr. William McMillan the sculptor, and Mr. Louis de Soissons, the architect. Mr. F. Rowden the foreman, and Mr. D. L. C. Cherry who did the masonry, were also presented. Among others I saw at the ceremony were Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma, the Earl and Countess of Harewood, the Home Secretary, the Rt. Hon. Gwilym Lloyd George, Lady Worsley, Lord and Lady Iliffe, Sir Horace Evans, Lord Burghley, Lord and Lady Mancroft, Mme. Lubersac, the Marquess of Salisbury, Sir Terence Nugent and Sir Walter Monckton.

THAT evening the Queen and Prince Philip dined with the Board of Admiralty at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar. After a weekend at Windsor Castle Her Majesty and the Prince returned to London and in the late afternoon attended the annual service at St. Paul's Cathedral for Seafarers. Earlier in the day the Queen had been busy supervising the final arrangements for the official visit of the President of Portugal and Mme. Craveiro Lopes, who were to be their guests at Buckingham Palace for three days. This was the first official visit of the Head of State of our oldest ally since 1909.

The President decided to travel by sea in the Portuguese warship Bartolomeu Dias. He made a most picturesque entry to London, coming up the Thames escorted by four fast motor boats of the Royal Navy, and arriving at the Tower Bridge in the middle of the evening. Here he and his wife were met by the Duke of Gloucester and the Portuguese Ambassador, and embarked on the Royal Barge, then proceeded to Westminster Bridge where the Queen, Prince Philip, and other members of the Royal Family were waiting to meet them.

In the first evening of their arrival the Queen and the Prince gave a state banquet in their honour at Buckingham Palace, and on the following evening the President and Mme. Lopes held a reception at their fine new Embassy in Belgrave Square. On the last night of their visit they attended the Gala Performance at Covent Garden. I will write more about these events next week.

AT Hampton Court Palace, the ancient and historic Chapel Royal, lit only by candles and decorated with lovely autumn flowers, made a beautiful setting for the marriage of Mr. Gilbert Reuss, youngest son of the late Mr. R. B. L. Reuss and Mrs. Reuss, and Miss Dora Manning, youngest daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Sir William Manning and Lady Manning.

The bride, who was given away by her cousin Mr. Humphrey Hughes, wore a gown of white lace and tulle, with her tulle veil held in place by a diamond and sapphire tiara. Her two pages, her nephew Charles Reid Dick and Nicholas Reuss, nephew of the bridegroom, wore smoke blue hopsack trousers and white shirts with coral pink cummerbunds. The two child bridesmaids, the Hon. Laura Baring, niece of the bride, and Lindsay Reuss, niece of the bridegroom, and the older attendant Miss Primrose Mallet, wore dresses of smoke blue organza with coral pink sashes and flowers in their hair.

After the ceremony the bride's mother, who has a spacious grace and favour residence in Hampton Court Palace, gave a reception in the Oak Room of the Palace. The bridegroom's sister Miss Mary Reuss, looking

charming in a black Persian lamb-trimmed suit, and black velvet hat, received the guests with Lady Manning, while the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Reuss, who lives at Hook Heath, Woking, and alas has bad arthritis, had a continuous group of friends round her wheel chair in the main reception room, where the bride and bridegroom cut their wedding cake. Sir Arthur Evans made a speech proposing the health of the young couple to which the bridegroom replied briefly.

Among those I met at the wedding were Lady Evans, the bride's brothers-in-law and sisters, Lord and Lady Northbrook who were married here in 1951, and Mr. and Mrs. John Reid Dick, with his mother Lady Reid Dick. Also present were Lord and Lady Grantchester who were joined by their son, the Hon. Kenneth Suenson-Taylor. Lady Grantchester told me that over 700 tickets had been sold at the first committee meeting for the U.N.A. Ball which is to take place at the Dorchester Hotel on November 16 for which she is the chairman, a truly splendid effort. Others I met included Mr. and Mrs. Archie Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fisher, the latter in a striking fawn felt and velvet hat, Lady Cohen, Mr. Tony Reuss who was best man to his brother, and Mr. Dick Hollingsworth, who owns that good filly Ark Royal which he told me has now been retired to stud. Other guests included Countess Ypres, Lady Watney, Lady Burton Chadwick, Capt. and Mrs. George Leeds, Sir Thomas and Lady Villiers, Maj.-Gen. Sir Alfred and Lady Knox and Baron and Baroness Henry Winterstein-Gillespie. The bride and bridegroom later left for a honeymoon in the sunshine of Spain and Portugal.

MANY personalities of the racing world attended the annual Cambridgeshire dinner-dance of the Racehorse Owners Association, which took place in the Dorchester Hotel ballroom. An amusing feature of these events is the Members Selling Sweepstake which always takes place after dinner and between dances. Sir Malcolm McAlpine, Chairman of the Association, presided and with Lady McAlpine, who looked charming in white with diamond and ruby jewellery, had a big party. Their guests included the veteran Lord McGowan in his usual tremendous form, who was soon off to spend the winter in the West Indies, Major Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan, last year's senior steward of the Jockey Club, and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan who looked very elegant in navy blue. Viscount and Viscountess Gwynedd, the latter in a black velvet evening dress, were in the party, also the Hon. Tony Samuel who drew Novento in the Sweepstake, and his pretty wife who wore an exquisite emerald and diamond necklace with her black evening dress, Maj.-Gen. Kenneth Appleyard, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Tom Nickalls, Mr. and Mrs. David Livingstone-Learmonth and Mrs. Malcolm McAlpine, whose husband was crossing the Atlantic by air that night on his way home from Canada.

CAPT. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the latter very striking in a green faille dress, had a big party at the next table, including the Earl and Countess of Dunraven, the Countess wearing a heavily embroidered satin dress, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby, and Mrs. Francis Lorne, Lord Chesham's charming mother who was off to her home in Rhodesia next day.

Sir Brian and Lady Mountain had a big party including his trainer Major Peter Nelson and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson. Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Molins were at the next table with a party of friends, and dancing

[Continued overleaf]



OPERA SEASON OPENS. A party was given at the Royal Opera House to mark the opening of the season and to introduce the new conductor, Mr. Rafael Kubelik. Above: Mrs. Laurence Renton and Mr. Ronald Duncan, the poet and librettist



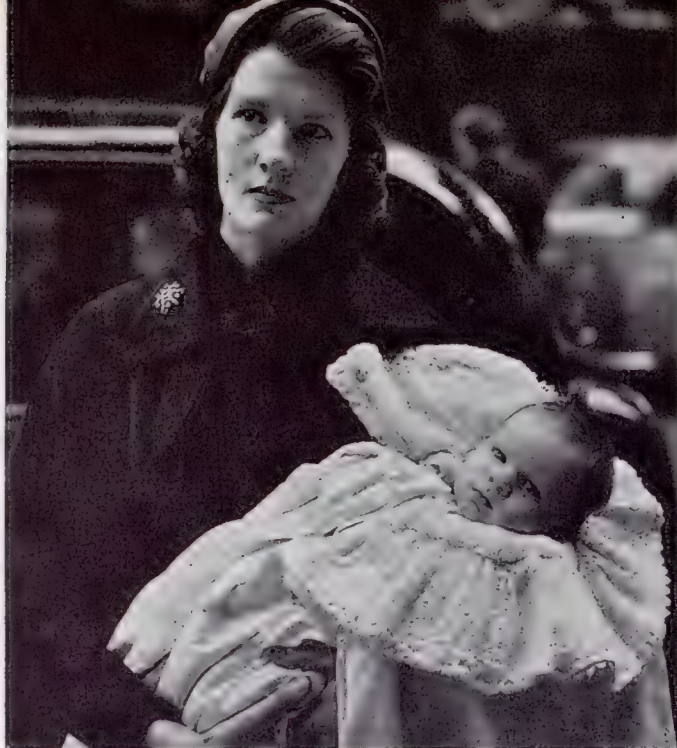
Clayton Evans

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Rafael Kubelik, Mr. David Webster and Sir Kenneth Clark. Below: Mr. Roger Lubbock, his wife (Moyra Fraser the actress), and Mr. William Ackroyd



FAMILY ROBE FOR A CHRISTENING

CHRISTOPHER SEBASTIAN TENNANT, with his mother Mrs. Anthony Tennant, after his christening at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He wore a magnificent robe belonging to Mrs. Tennant's grandmother. Mr. Anthony Tennant is the son of Mr. John Tennant and Lady Radcliffe, and Mrs. Tennant is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Minshull Stockdale and niece of Lord Faringdon



Swaabe

Continuing Social Journal

Racehorse owners at dinner

I saw Col. Jim Windsor-Lewis, Mr. J. R. Mullion and his lovely wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hughesdon, the Hon. Rodney and Mrs. Berry, the latter in a short red dress, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin McAlpine, and Mr. and Mrs. George Beeby, who were fortunate in drawing a horse in the sweepstake.

Mrs. Hughesdon, who is better remembered as Florence Desmond, drew the numbers and two dances later Mr. Clive Graham conducted the auction with great efficiency and an amusing running commentary. This year each table had a large card on it with the name of a racecourse, so that it was easier for the auctioneer to say "One hundred pounds!"—bid by Redcar or Brighton—than trying to concentrate on an individual bidder.

The Racehorse Owners Association has, in recent years, become a very strong organization which tries to improve the conditions of racing in this country not only for owners, but for trainers and everyone concerned. Throughout the year it puts many suggestions to the Jockey Club, which has the final word in so many cases.

★ ★ ★

THE Hon. David Seymour Hicks Beach, five-month-old youngest son of Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, was recently christened in the parish church at Coln St. Aldwyn. For the ceremony he wore a family robe worn by his great-grandfather at his christening in 1837, and a lace shawl lent by the Hon. Mrs. Charles Fortescue, widow of Earl St. Aldwyn's great-uncle. The baby's godparents were Earl Fortescue, Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, Mr. W. W. Hicks Beach, M.P. for Cheltenham, who are both cousins of Earl St. Aldwyn, Cdr. Sir Hugh Dawson, Mrs. Charles Mills, Mrs. Anthony Bellville and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort.

After the ceremony Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, the latter looking charming in a royal blue velvet coat with ostrich feather-trimmed hat, had a small family tea party at their fine home Williamstrip Park. Among those who came to drink the baby's health were Sir Michael and Lady Delia Venables-Llewelyn, Lady Susan and Lady Victoria Hicks Beach, Mrs. W. W. Hicks Beach, Lady Howard of Penrith, Sister Rowe who looked after David

for the first month of his life, the Rev. J. R. Lowe who had christened the baby, and Mrs. Lowe.

David's two elder brothers, Viscount Quenington and the Hon. Peter Hicks Beach, had a nursery party too, with about twenty children and their Nannies to tea.

★ ★ ★

AUTUMN flowers decorated Holy Trinity Church, Prince Consort Road, for the marriage of Mr. Angus McCall, youngest son of Mrs. M. McCall of Mullingar, Westmeath, and Miss Joyce Warren, elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Warren. The bride, who wore a white satin dress with a tulle veil held in place by a circlet of orange blossom, was given away by Mr. Alan Welsh. She was attended by two children, the bridegroom's nephew and niece, Robin McCall wearing a white shirt with a kilt, and Caroline Hoare in a long dress of white organza with a pink sash and a wreath of mixed freesias on her head. Mr. Denys Domville was the best man and the bridegroom's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. David McCall, lent their lovely spacious flat in nearby Albert Court for the reception.

Mrs. G. Park, a cousin of the bride, received the guests with the bridegroom's mother Mrs. Muriel McCall, who had come over from Ireland where she runs the famous and successful Tally Ho Stud, and Mr. David McCall. The bridegroom's uncles, Col. Harold Boyd-Rochfort and Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, were there with Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort looking most attractive in brown. Also I saw that great personality of the racing world Mr. "Atty" Perse who was in tremendous form greeting friends.

I ALSO met the bridegroom's sister Mrs. Bob Hoare, whose little girl was a bridesmaid, Mrs. David McCall, looking charming in lagoon blue, and Sir Danvers and Lady Osborne, talking to Mr. and Mrs. John Batten who had just returned from a wonderful trip to Biarritz and Spain.

Mr. Peter McCall was there, also Lord and Lady Monteagle and his mother the Dowager Lady Monteagle, Miss Jane Morton, Miss

Constance Butler very chic in grey, Mrs. Alan Welsh and her daughter Miss Zara Morgan, Mr. Bertram Reece, one of our most respected magistrates who has reigned at Bow Street for some years, and Mrs. Reece, who were both enjoying this very happy wedding and meeting friends and relations.

Mr. Haslam, who was there with Mrs. Haslam, proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom after they had cut their wedding cake—one of the most delicious ever to be cut. I heard it had been made by Mrs. McCall's cook Kathleen in Ireland and brought over for the wedding. One only wished that she could see how much all the guests were enjoying her good cooking.

Later the bride and bridegroom left for their honeymoon in Paris.

★ ★ ★

PREPARATIONS are already being made for the debutante season of 1956, although most of the young girls are still finishing abroad. The Royal Presentation parties at Buckingham Palace are, I hear, to take place once again in March. Easter being early (April 1) many parents have decided not to send their daughters abroad again after their presentation, as it becomes expensive for so short a time. Therefore next year the season for most young girls looks like being longer than ever, as young people's cocktail parties are already being arranged for March and no doubt some hostesses will plan their dances as early as April to avoid the inevitable clash later in the season.

Dates for private dances next season that I have already heard of are: May 3, Lady Brocket for the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, at Bocket Hall, Herts. May 29, the Hon. Lady Lowson for her daughter Gay, in London. June 5, Mrs. Pascoe for her daughter Belinda, in London. June 28, the Countess of Shrewsbury for her daughter Lady Charlotte Chetwynd-Talbot at Ingestre Hall, Stafford. June 26 Lady Stockdale for her daughter Anne Louisa in London. June 8 Mrs. Malcolmson for her daughter Merryn at Cannon Hall, Hampstead. June 29, Mrs. Richard Cannon for her daughter Victoria at Coombe Place, Lewes. July 6, Lady Musker and Mrs. Harold Huth for Penelope Musker and Angela Huth



The CHRISTMAS Number of The TATLER will be on sale on November 11. Lavishly presented, it has many photographs, drawings and striking illustrations in colour, reflecting the seasonal gaiety and festive spirit of Christmas. It may be ordered for 3s. 6d., including postage 3s. 10d.

in Berkshire. July 12, Mrs. "Pop" d'Erlanger for her daughter Penelope in London. July 21, Lady Raglan for her daughter the Hon. Cecily Somerset at Cefntilla Court, Usk, Monmouthshire. July 28, Viscountess Leverhulme for her daughter the Hon. Susan Lever at Thornton Manor, Cheshire.

★ ★ ★

I HEARD news from Honolulu this week of a party given by Mrs. Walter Dillingham in her delightful home, Villa la Pietra. This is a reproduction of an ancient Florentine villa with a heavenly tropical garden. She has priceless Florentine furniture in all the rooms which were decorated by Italian artists. The party was given in honour of that gay and charming personality the Duca Mariano Imperiali di Francavilla, who was making a very brief stay on his way to Japan from Rome. He had been invited by the President of the Institute for the Middle and Far East on behalf of the Japanese Government, who recently signed a cultural agreement with Italy.

Among the guests who came to Mrs. Dillingham's party in Honolulu were the Governor, Mr. S. Wilder King, and Admiral Felt B. Stump, C-in-C of the U.S. Pacific Fleet.

★ ★ ★

PRINCE PHILIP has graciously promised to be present at the premiere of *Storm Over The Nile* at the Odeon, Marble Arch on November 10. Anthony Steel, Laurence Harvey and James Robertson Justice are starring in this CinemaScope picture produced byoltan Korda. The proceeds of the premiere are going to the National Playing Field Association. Lady Luke is chairman of the premiere Committee and tickets can be obtained from her at 79 Davies Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE, as President, has promised to be present at the "500" Ball, in aid of the British Rheumatic Association. This is to take place on November 11 at Claridge's. The cabaret promises to be outstanding, as Anton Dolin, a director of the Royal Festival Ballet, which is on tour in the north, is travelling down with Belinda Wright and John Gilpin to give a ballet display at this ball. Tickets from Miss Pinder, 11 Beaumont Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

MRS. EDWARD CHRISTIE-MILLER is chairman of the St. Mark's Ball to be held at Londonderry House on November 17, to raise funds for St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street. The ball committee includes the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, Mr. Patrick and the Hon. Mrs. de Laszlo, the Dowager Duchess of Richmond and Gordon and Lady Streatfield. Tickets have been kept down to the very reasonable figure of twenty-five shillings, which includes a running buffet. They can be obtained from: Mr. F. C. Doe, M.M., Vestry Clerks Office, St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, W.1.

★ ★ ★

EVERY year readers kindly help the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis by buying their Christmas seals. This year there are several different designs, all gay and attractive. A sheet of one hundred seals costs four shillings, and Christmas cards in similar designs, five shillings per dozen (with envelopes). They can be obtained from the Duchess of Portland, Chairman of N.A.P.T., Tavistock House North, London, W.C.1.



Betty Swaabe

LADY WRIXON-BECHER on the staircase of her home, Courtlands, Corsham, Wiltshire, with three of her four children, John Wrixon-Becher, aged five, Vanda Bridgewater and Susanna Wrixon-Becher. She is the wife of Sir William Fane Wrixon-Becher, the fifth baronet, whom she married in 1946, and a daughter of the fourth Lord Vivian. Her elder son, Adrian Bridgewater, is nineteen. Sir William, who served in the Middle East and Italy during the war in the Rifle Brigade, was twice wounded and awarded the M.C.



"I'll bet he wants to borrow something"

Roundabout

Paul Holt

I was browsing over a book when the television screen came on. It was an old man talking and I thought I would turn it off. But suddenly I became captured by his voice, his gestures, his subject.

It was Henry Irving he was talking about and he was the son of that great actor's immortal partner, Ellen Terry. Gordon Craig is now in his eighty-fourth year, but his memory of Irving is diamond sharp and made from the heat of affection. How he took off his boots, buckled his shoes. How he burst on stage in *The Bells* not crying "It is I!" in three words, but "Tsi!" in one.

Suddenly it seemed to me that I was looking at Irving, and not at Ellen

Terry's son, for as the story went on the gestures enlarged and there was that great hawk-faced genius drawn back from the grave and in front of me.

When he came to the phrase "... never has a man slid upwards from his chair to his feet like Irving did," I was sure that I saw the man.

THIS was all the more remarkable because the book I had put down was *A Little Bit Of String* (Hutchinson, 21s.) by Ellaline Terriss, wife of Seymour Hicks and daughter of "Breezy Bill," William Terriss, the actor who was a partner of Irving's at the Lyceum, and was so cruelly assassinated in the Strand. Bernard Shaw always insisted that Ellen

Terry disliked Irving for his dictatorial ways, but from one story in this book I think that what she was doing wasn't hating him but coping with him, which is the habit of many brilliant women with many brilliant men.

ELLALINE TERRISS tells how she used to go as a child to Irving's house, The Grange at Hammersmith, and there play in the garden with Ellen Terry's children, Teddie—the wonderful old man I was watching—Edie, who became famous as Edith Craig, and Violet Vanbrugh.

Irving used to push her in a swing, but they were both bored by this exercise, for it was a duty for the one and a politeness from the other.

One day Ellen Terry, who was known as Auntie Nell, discovered that Violet Vanbrugh had written a small play and she insisted on rehearsing them in it, coaching them and making a child's effort into an enchantment, as only she could.

WHEN they were ready Irving was called into the garden and sat benignly, his pince-nez gravely poised, while they played out for him, these children to the greatest actor in the world, their little drama which had been produced with the greatest enthusiasm by the greatest actress.

At the end Ellen Terry turned to Irving, her eyes shining with fun and excitement, to ask his opinion.

Irving regarded the children.

"You stress the pronouns too much. It's a bad fault. Don't do it," he said, and walked back into the house. Pronouns? The children had never heard of such a thing. Ellaline Terriss's book is delightful for one reason. Everybody she meets is good. For an actress, it seems, there isn't a villain in the world. Only on the stage.

★ ★ ★

ANOU DROUET, an eight-year-old French girl who goes to school in Brittany, has been hailed by leading French critics as a genius. Her poetry, which has a sadness and a dying to it, has been compared to Rimbaud. She is an orphan and until three years ago she was blind. The great experts on literature hail her as a genius and France is beginning to stir to her as they did last year to Françoise Sagan, who wrote *Bonjour Tristesse*.

But I would like you to listen to the comment of this little orphan, so recently blind, to all this.

"I don't care a hoot about genius," she said. "It is too big for me. You can't play with it."

And she said also: "In biographies they always put the death date. I cannot give you mine. But I hope it won't take too long, because I am sick."

I find that profoundly sad.

★ ★ ★

WE have just celebrated the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, Britain's greatest sea victory, and Nelson's column was decorated like a Christmas tree.

I asked a historian friend of mine, Mr. Herbert Mundy, what he thought about the battle and he said he was sure that, although the great admiral's tactics were novel and decisive, it was his method of firing his guns that won the battle. Nelson made his cannon balls bounce on the water, a trick he learned at the Battle of the Nile.

It is just the same as the favourite seaside game of "skidding" flat stones.

Did Nelson, as he lay dying, say "Kiss me, Hardy"? Or, "Kismet, Hardy"? by which he meant, "This is fate, my friend." I think he said, "Kiss me," for it is only fifty years ago that the habit of kissing among Englishmen died out.



LONDON'S LORD MAYOR-ELECT, Alderman Cuthbert Lowell Ackroyd, is a Yorkshireman, from Dewsbury, the West Riding market town. He comes to the position of Lord Mayor with a long line of distinguished appointments in the City of London behind him. Among these have been Senior Sheriff of London, Master of the Worshipful Company of Carpenters and Governor of the Royal Hospitals. He has been a J.P. for the City since 1945. Alderman Ackroyd, who is a youthful sixty-three, is married with two sons of twenty-three and twenty-one. Like many Yorkshiremen he is a cricket enthusiast, while he also enjoys literature and painting. He lives at Bromley in Kent



An old print of a meet of the Quorn in the 1820s at Ashby Pasture, Leicestershire

OVERTURE FOR HUNTING HORNS

DORIAN WILLIAMS, Master of the Whaddon Chase, one of the most thriving hunts today, describes here the unique excitement of the season's opening meet. Mr. Williams, besides being an M.F.H., has also founded and runs an adult education centre in Herts

THE Opening Meet! There are certain events in the calendar that are better known by their names than their date. Easter, Derby Day, Guy Fawkes Day, August Bank Holiday. The Opening Meet is certainly one of these. For many it marks finally the end of the dreary summer months that have been dragging by ever since hounds last met in the unsuitable April sunshine: for many it betokens the beginning of a period of exercise and activity unknown in the rest of the year: for many it heralds lawn meets and hunt balls—the justifiable compensations for the hours of hazard in wintry conditions experienced while actually in the field. For all it is an occasion eagerly awaited: the Opening Meet.

From the different sections of the community that are affected there are different reactions. By some it is awaited with enthusiasm, some with anxiety, some with the greatest apprehension: but by none is it accepted just as a matter of course.

Take the Master, for instance. His anticipation of the thrills of the "real thing," forty minutes across a good line of country with a five mile point, is inevitably tinged

with the knowledge of his burden of responsibility. Only too well is he aware of those ominous telephone calls late into the evening when he must hear from irate farmers of damage done and gates left open: or from the distraught secretary of an intractable landowner or discontented subscriber.

ONLY too conscious is he of the difficulties that lie ahead for him in controlling a large field, some of whom have seized the opportunity of using the opening meet as an occasion on which to toast the season all too well: many of whom are mounted on horses which are seeing hounds for the first time for many months and are therefore quite beyond their owners' control.

Not only are they incapable of heeding the Master's pleas that they should not ride over his hounds but, having reached the middle of his pack, proceed to lash out all round. Alas, the Master knows only too well that in modern times with modern horsemen it is not all that far-fetched, the story of the gentleman who replied to the Master's furious "Do you know, sir, that you have just kicked my best hound?" "Ah, well, I'm afraid he must just take his chance with the rest of them."

Additional anxieties besiege the new Master.

There are some thirty-two English packs with new Masters this season, and how my heart goes out to them, despite the great honour and privilege that they are for the first time experiencing. Somehow, they are to conceal in their charming smile that they are quite unaware whether they are speaking to a visitor as strange to the country as themselves, or to the biggest and most influential subscriber: somehow they are to sum up the chap holding the gate open with such accuracy that they will not find themselves either tipping one of the most important and prosperous farmers in the hunt, or failing to tip a local keeper or earthstopper.

SOMEHOW, without allowing anyone else to be in front of them as hounds fly away from the gorse, they have with the utmost subtlety to avoid leading the vast cavalcade behind them down a lane which leads to nothing but a rotting footbridge, or across a sixty-acre field with an inviting-looking stake and bound at the end of it, the other side of which is a canal: somehow, despite all their anxiety, their uncertainty, their self-consciousness, they have to appear completely self-confident, wholly authoritative.



Near Andoversford, Gloucestershire, the Master addresses the Cotswold Hunt at an opening meet

How quickly that self-confidence and authority can be shattered. The memory of my own first opening meet as a Master of hounds is vivid yet. Not since I first joined the Pony Club had I worn a velvet cap: the h-buttoned cut of my new coat was still of utmost novelty: a smart grey horse was my mount—and the hunt staff were mounted on bays, too.

I was immensely proud of the turn out. A fox was soon away: hounds raced across the vale to a big double hedge that ran the full length of a typical midland bottom. Somewhat nervously, but convinced that I was doing the right thing, I held up the large field on the near side of the bottom while hounds hunted more slowly through the thicket. The huntsman rode up on the other side.

"Slip along quickly to the end of the withies," he called.

I assumed that he was speaking to the whipper-in who would be with him.

"Hurry up! Get along with it!" His voice was more peremptory and it dawned on me, though I could hardly believe my ears, that he was calling to me!

"Wake yerself up there—why don't you do as you're told?"

Me! The Master! My face was as scarlet as my new coat, as I realized that through the double fence he was mistaking me, standing proudly there at the head of my field in my velvet cap on a grey horse, for his whipper-in, also on a grey and, of course, in a cap. Never again have I ridden the same coloured horse as one of the hunt staff!

BUT it is not only the Master who greets the opening meet with anxiety. There is the one-day-a-weeker who takes little exercise between April and November and who is all too sure that his buttons, which were tight enough last year, may well not serve at all today, having inevitably forgotten his

intended visit to the tailor. There is the stalker, or—south of London—the golfer, the development of whose calf-muscles in the summer months make the pulling on of top boots an impossibility in the autumn. There are the fairies for whom hunting is a social "must," but for whom the wearing of a hard hat plays havoc with hair styles, for whom the climate ruins all the good work put in the complexion, for whom the constant application of certain parts of the anatomy to the saddle creates a tiresome and unbecoming expansion quite unsuited to the modern close-fitting cocktail dress. There is the ratcatcher for whom November 1 means all too clearly hours he can ill-afford in cleaning his own kit, doing his own horse and long rides to and from his sport.

Nor can the host be forgotten. For his father and his grandfather before him it was the annual privilege to entertain the Hunt at the Opening Meet, but each year it becomes a more expensive privilege as the field and particularly the unmounted followers increase in number and his resources diminish. Added to which he knows only too well that before he has welcomed his final late arrival and mounted his own horse, hounds will be out of sight.

ANXIETIES a-plenty: but it is the Opening Meet and that means only one thing. For five months, whether it is one day a week or four, whether it is the Master or the young entry, whether it is the thoroughbred or the unclipped cob, it is "the season": hounds jogging on to the meet, the holloa at the corner of the covert, the "sit down and ride him" at stiff timber or the jam at the hunting gate, the "good night, Master" and "thank you," the tired, contented ride through the dusk when the scarlet turns to rust; and the hot bath, two eggs and toast, "did you see me jump that huge place by the barn?"; and the diary entry, "The Opening Meet—19½ couple—Harkaway Hall—first class. forty minutes from November Thorns."



The author, Mr. Dorian Williams, talking to Mrs. S. A. Munro at a meet of the Whaddon Chase

GUN DOG TRIALS

MEMBERS of the German Pointer-Retriever Club held their autumn trials in the Lammermuir Hills, East Lothian, recently. There was a good attendance in spite of bad weather and competition was very keen. This breed, which has been an established gun dog in Germany for many years, has only become popular in this country since the last war. Right: S/Ldr. Atkinson with his Nevers Jasper, winner of the chief award



At the Races

SPRINTERS AND STAYERS

IT has been said many thousands of times that there are three things that a racehorse must have; the first of them is pace; the second of them is pace and the third one is pace! This we all agree, even those who say: "Ah, but he must have stamina as well." Of course he must if he aspires to win the Grand National or its equivalent on the flat the Cesarewitch. But without that little spark of pace which he can pull out at the finish, all his plodding talent may go for nothing; it is that little bit of ginger that counts, and that alone!

How tiring to ride one that has not got another shot in the locker, and how much otherwise one that has, and will let you know it the moment he is asked the question. That sort in this country, unhappily, is few and far between, because under present day conditions there is such a big demand for the sprinter pure and simple, also, of course, for the middle-distance practitioner who can just stay far enough, but not an inch farther! The French breeders *par contre* find it profitable to go for the stayer with that little bit of pace which enables them not only to stop us winning their long distance races, but to come over here quite frequently and pounce upon so many of our valuable prizes run over a distance of ground.

HAVEN'T we gone a bit too far in devoting so much of our money to the sprinter, and is it not high time that we took a bit of a pull and produced a few Phil Drakes, Elpenors, and from Italy, Botticellis and Ribots? The Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe is surely well worth winning,

and so is the Grand Prix? Surely the pendulum has swung a bit too far in one direction?

One final question: Have not all the great horses in the Stud Book of this country, from Eclipse onwards, been stayers? There is one good thing about a pendulum and that is, it has got to swing both ways, and that it would not be a pendulum if it did not.

LUCKILY the French had nothing ready to take the Cesarewitch from us, and incidentally what a fine performance it was by that little boy apprentice P. Tulk on Curry, particularly by reason of the way in which he was ordered to ride the race. He lay right out in the middle of the course, kept his horse going straight with hardly

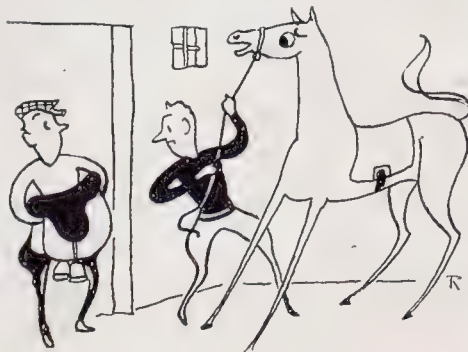
a landmark to help him, and deservedly won as he liked with his little toes in his boots. It was a masterpiece of tactics, and to the trainer, F. Armstrong, is due the lion's share of the credit. How sure he must have been, and what a clever little boy he had up to understand so well. Many of them might have succumbed to the temptation to lie up alongside something in the body of the field. I think anybody who knows must have been taking his hat off to that superbly clever trainer and that well taught little boy.

A CORRESPONDENT in Melbourne, to whom I wrote about a thing they call a dingo, one of the worst sheep killers in the world (apropos these sheep killing foxes we have on our side), replies by air mail, "This native dog has been here for thousands of years, as witness his remains found in ancient strata and deposits, and seems to be related to the native dog of the nearer Asiatic countries, so probably is descended from the original species which existed when Australia was joined to the Asiatic mainland." It has been said by learned naturalists that there is no such thing as an original wild dog, but whether that is true or not, it is evident that this very savage animal the dingo must be a near relation of the dog first used by the Chinese to capture wild animals for food, and that dog is said to have been possessed of the hunting instincts and savagery of the wolf. He sounds very like the dingo!

I have never seen a dingo, but he is described to me by my Australian correspondent as a very powerful animal 25 to 30 inches long from his nose to the root of his tail, which is 14 or 15 inches long, and he says he is rather like what one would expect from crossing an Alsatian with a husky. The naturalists are emphatic that dingoes do not hunt in packs, as a rule, but are lone killers, very fast and of great ferocity and strength, but that an "Old Man" kangaroo can well hold his own against a single attacker and rip him up with his powerful hind foot.

Recently dingoes have been hunting in quite large packs of a hundred and more.

—SABRETACHE





Mr. Patrick E. Mitchell, of Brownstown House, Navan, Co. Meath, with his fiancée, Miss Avril McGuire, daughter of Senator Edward McGuire



Lady Windlesham playing the tombola with Mr. Montague Kavanagh, from Clonsilla, Co. Dublin

DUBLIN BALL FOR LIFEBOATS

A VERY successful ball was held at the Gresham Hotel, in Dublin, in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. It was attended by some three hundred guests from the city and its neighbourhood



The Hon. Annabel Hennessy, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Windlesham, and Mr. Patrick Hodson, younger son of Sir Edmond Hodson, Bt.



Miss Ann Clutterbuck with her father, Sir Alexander Clutterbuck, the British Ambassador in Dublin



Baron Michael Ravin, a visitor from Denmark, with Mr. William Martin Murphy and Miss Jane Murphy, who came out at the ball



Mrs. J. Brittain-Jones from Friz Hill was talking to Mr. Harry Middleton



Mr. R. P. Phillips, Mr. Malcolm Vaughan and Mrs. E. Sparke-Davies



Miss Jane Allday and Mr. Gresham Vaughan were dancing a quickstep

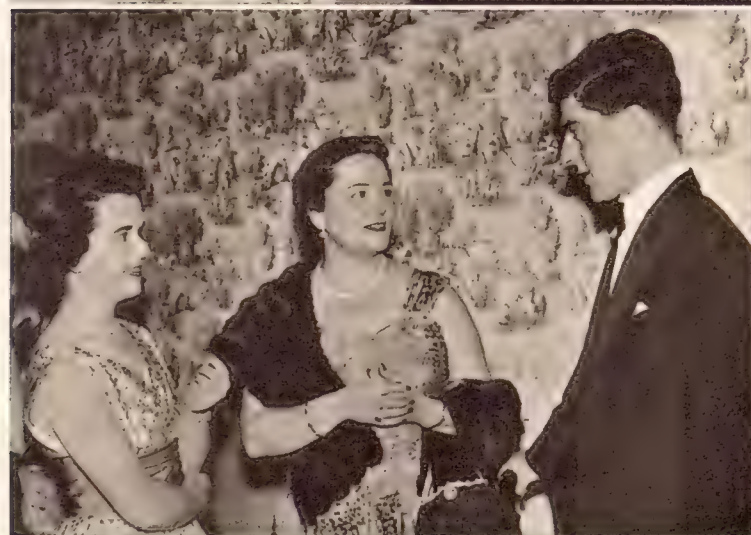
WARWICKSHIRE EVENT HELPED AN HISTORIC GAME

AT their home Moreton Manor, Moreton Morrell, Major and Mrs. James Dance gave a highly successful ball to raise funds for the upkeep of the village's Real Tennis Court, which, opened in 1907, is one of the very few remaining in the country

Mrs. P. G. Corbett, Miss Anne Macpherson and Mr. Peter Lord, three more of the guests



Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted standing in front of Major Dance's old print collection



Miss Judy Pugh and Mrs. Anthony Pugh were in conversation with Mr. Tom Simpson



Miss Sarah Bromet, Mr. Michael Hignett, Miss Angela Dance and Mr. John Dance

Swache



Miss Sarah Harter and Mr. Keith Carmichael were taking some refreshment



Mr. André Simon, jr., was having a serious discussion with Mrs. W. T. Agar



Debutante Miss Henrietta Crawley, Mr. T. Downe and Major Thomas Bouch

Miss Carolyn Shephard, wearing a dress with a gay and arresting patterned skirt, and Mr. John Taylor



Mrs. Stanley Cayzer and Mr. Adrian Beecham, composer son of Sir Thomas

Col. Geoffrey White, the Chief Constable of Warwickshire, with Mrs. White



Mr. Nigel Nicholls, and Miss Susan Pugh, with Miss Remony Schuckburgh and Mr. Bernard Granville



At the Theatre

A CATERING COMEDY

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

WRITERS of little plays are advised by the professors to make sure that they have the instinctive sympathies of the audience well on their side. No good idealising a barmaid who specialises in giving short change, say the knowing ones, better not turn the light of romance full on to an income-tax collector: there are some injuries that human nature can never forget or forgive. *Small Hotel*, at the St. Martin's Theatre, is a little play. It is so little that it is nearly non-existent. Yet it succeeds, and succeeds by flouting our instinctive sympathies, our vital interests at every turn.

WE have all suffered in the dining-room of the small country hotel where the decrepit but indomitably genial waiter delays bringing in our Brown Windsor until it is cold, has his own reasons for

recommending the turbot, and boldly takes the chance that we shall not know the difference between Graves and Château Yquem.

IN our own interest, and, incidentally, no doubt for the sake of a country in need of dollars, such mocking places of a decent appetite should be reformed out of existence. But here the author, Mr. Rex Frost, asks us to put all such unkind thoughts out of mind. He confronts us with the bumbling old rogue of a waiter as hero and the hotel company's efficiency expert as the comedy's butt. He asks us, moreover, to side with the cook who wants to get rid of a turbot which the staff won't eat "because of its 'pong'"; to sigh over the hard lot of a humble new waitress who has made rather a muddle of her first lesson in how to diddle the gullible customer, and even to be drawn into a liking for an old gorgon,



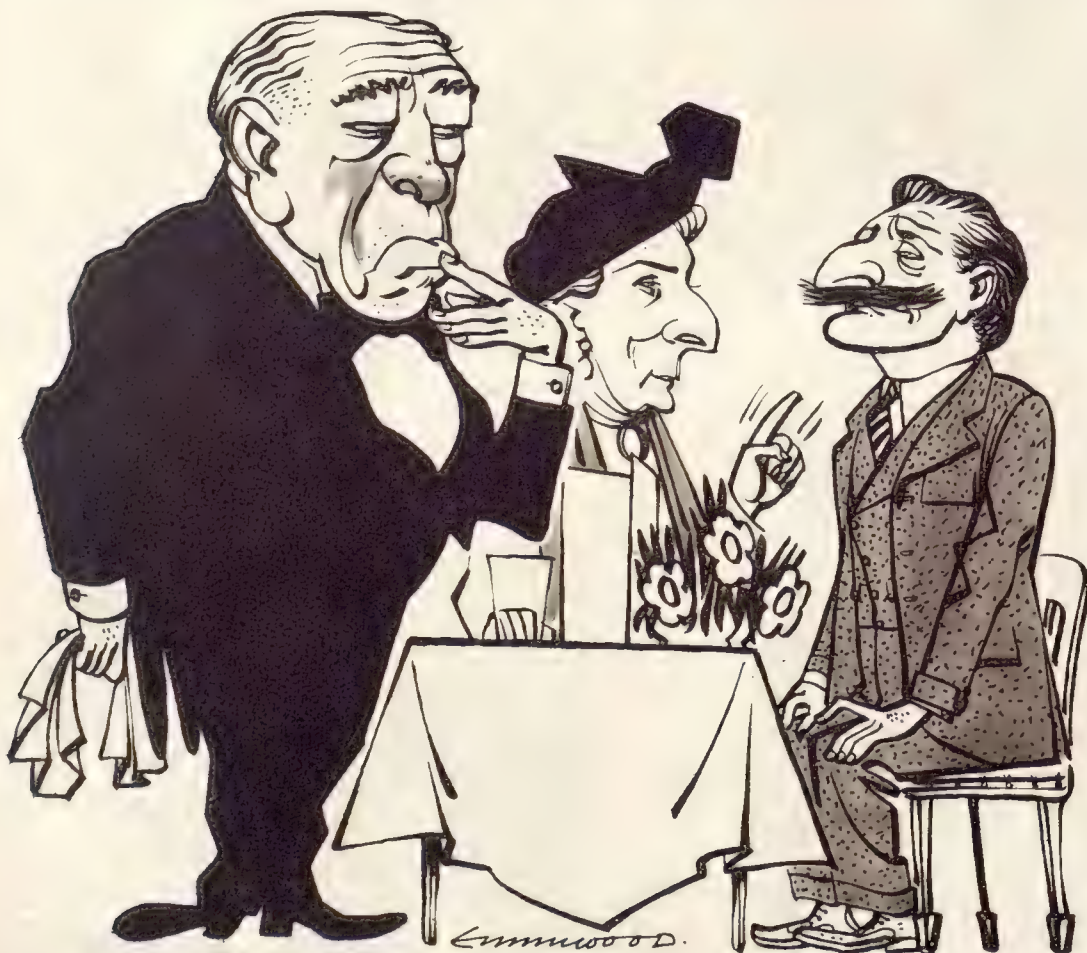
UPPITY MISS:

Caroline Mallett (Diana King), the new waitress, who has all the answers

the permanent resident, the intimidating Mrs. Samson-Box, whose tongue flays people alive.

AND all these sacrifices of natural sympathy we find ourselves quite painlessly making; and that really is something of a chit for Mr. Frost as a playwright. He has managed to write about this dining-room as though he knew it well. The effect is to remind us that even a bad hotel, once it is known sufficiently well, has a trick of taking a hold on the affections. Revisiting it, and finding some change for the better, we are apt to resent the improvement as a disturbance of old personal associations. Mr. Frost makes us feel that we have all his own shatteringly intimate knowledge of this particular dining-room and his sneaking affection for its horrible ways, and it becomes a gently beguiling pleasure to watch the old waiter resisting with the wiles born of years of experience all attempts to introduce efficiency into his ancient preserve.

MR. GORDON HARKER, making a welcome return to the stage after long absence, plays the part with a pleasantly solemn enjoyment of its unctuous roguery and with a nice touch on what is genuine in its easy kindliness. The plot only requires Mr. Harker to put the persecuting efficiency expert within range of Mrs. Samson-Box lacerating tongue. And the special delight of the evening is the brilliant play which Miss Marjorie Fielding makes with the old tartar's tongue. Twice she almost reduces the confident efficiency boomer to tears of mortification, and these two scenes, each excellent in its slightly different manner, are more or less the play. Mr. Anthony Sharp is admirably odious as the boomer with the wind-blown moustaches and the catch in the throat. The little waitress, whose mild indiscretion causes so much trouble, is charmingly played by Miss Eleanore Dryan, and the would-be supplanter, the uppish new waitress, is made as bold as brass by Miss Diana King. Many more ambitious entertainments are less entertaining.



TWO AGAINST ONE: Albert, the perennial waiter (Gordon Harker), intends to keep the customers where he wants them and is aided and abetted by the oldest resident, Mrs. Samson-Box (Marjorie Fielding). Her whip-lash tongue is vigorously applied to the discomfiture of the odious Mr. Finch (Anthony Sharp), whose efficiency drive is the cause of the trouble



Armstrong Jones

MOUNTAIN PICNIC

SUMMERTIME, a new comedy by the late Ugo Betti, opens at the Apollo on November 9th. It is directed by Peter Hall, with Dirk Bogarde and Geraldine McEwan in the leading parts. The setting of the second scene is a mountain in Northern Italy and this picture was taken on Castle Hill, in Edinburgh, when the company was on tour. The action of the play takes place in Northern Italy at the end of the last century. Other distinguished players in the cast are Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Michael Gwynn

London Limelight

Henry (Novello) Irving

THE little Irving Theatre is commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the great man with wit and intelligence. George Edge and Margaret Morris have taken *The Bells* and re-presented the story as it might be if the central character were perpetually off-stage. Reynell Wreford has written some suitably tuneful melodies and the new musical *Bells* which results is the kind of Victorian joke which the Players Theatre should have thought of on their own account.

On this pocket-handkerchief stage, movement is about as difficult as a squabble amongst tinned sardines, but Guy Vaesen, producing, has almost made one forget his problems.

The company sing extremely well and there is one item, "The Sun Will Shine" (a string of clichés which would bring a blush to the cheek of the great Arbuthnot himself), which is as funny as anything in *The Boy Friend*: This is a short, late-night show, and its life will be brief, but the adventurous will be rewarded.

A GREAT deal of praise, some of it almost Oriental in its extravagance, has been poured over "The Classical Theatre of



Fifty years have not even dimmed Sir Henry's tremendous reputation

China," now displaying its ancient art at the Palace. Many of the actors are tumblers and acrobats of staggering skill, and they perform what are, in fact, decorative knock-about turns with grave virtuosity. The costumes (or most of them) are breathtaking in their blinding luxury. The effect is as if a series of rich Chinese painted figures had suddenly turned into rubber balls.

But in the Orient they have inexhaustible patience and the company are not super-human. They perform no more miracles than a first-rate assembly of Occidental clowns and Tiller Girls achieve every day of the week, and the length of each item after the initial impact becomes wearying.

The selection now being shown is, I am told, a cutting from a repertoire which would last 76 hours if given in full. It is ungracious to carp, but I suspect that Western minds are quicker on the uptake than those of the East, and there were moments when the iteration of more-than-Oriental-splendour made one sigh for the curtain and the amiable compère, Mr. Miles Malleston.

—Youngman Carter

At the Pictures

POOR RELATIONS



PRELUDE TO A MIRACLE: Pablito Calvo in *Marcelino* is the little boy who causes a miracle to happen in his village. This charming film, in which he plays the title-role, is directed by Ladislao Vajda and is based on the novel by J. M. Sanchez-Silva



YOUNG BRITISH STAR Susan Stephen has just completed *It's Never Too Late*, based on the stage play of that name. She is now filming *Pattern of the Islands* in the South Seas



FILMS TO FARMING: John Mills, who has just completed *It's Great to be Young*, spends his spare time hard at work on his 440-acre farm in Sussex. He owns a Guernsey herd of over 100 head, whose milk is sold in Hampstead

I WOULD be the first to admit that the Macbeths of Dunsinane were not really very nice people, but they were so much a cut above *Joe Macbeth* of Chicago they'd be right to deny any kinship with that slob. Thanks to the late Mr. William Shakespeare, they spoke high poetry: thanks to Mr. Philip Yordan, *Joe Macbeth* speaks nothing but the low, "so-what?" jargon of the underworld scum.

Mr. Yordan has borrowed the bones of the Macbeth story and rattles them about vigorously in a modern setting—unaware, apparently, that without the marrow of poetic drama lent them by the Bard, they're bound to produce only a hollow sound.

When all are gangsters living by the rule that dog must eat dog, when there's no king to be killed, no soldier's conscience to be stifled—where's the conflict?

THAT the regicidal Macbeths murdered "the gracious Duncan" is horrifying, but when *Joe Macbeth* (Mr. Paul Douglas), egged on by his ambitious, steely, sloe-eyed wife (Miss Ruth Roman), bumps off his gang-leader, the greasy Duca (M. Gregoire Aslan)—well, that's just another dirty crook getting what was coming to him.

Mr. Yordan has elected to stage the midnight murder of Duca on a raft in a lake beside the J. Macbeth residence: Duca swims out to the raft, and Joe, with a knife apparently concealed in his shorts, swims out after him and stabs him to death, leaving Mrs. Macbeth, a swimmer too, to retrieve the weapon. Mr. Ken Hughes has directed the scene with considerable imagination. The moment the awful deed is done, flights of black birds wheel and tumble across the sky, screaming and crying, while a bell-buoy tolls dolefully. This is effective—but not half as effective as the thunderous, sudden knocking on the door of Dunsinane, which comes as an awful warning that all humanity is outraged and retribution awaits without.

LIKE Macbeth, Joe finds that one murder leads to another: the blood of Banquo, or rather Banky—a decent old creep as played by Mr. Sidney James—is soon upon his head and the deaths of another gangster's wife and child can be held against him.

It is all rather too much for Mrs. Macbeth. The knowledge that Joe has turned the gang against himself worries her sick. Her doctor prescribes psychiatric treatment and, sensing that something unpleasant is about to happen, leaves the house as quickly as possible. Deserted by his hired hoodlums, the First and Second Murderers, Joe prowls around his drawing-room in the dark

clutching a machine-gun and daring the gang, at the top of his voice, to come and get him. Mrs. Macbeth, mistakenly responding to the invitation, is shot dead as she opens the drawing-room door—and in through the french windows comes Lennie (Mr. Bonar Colleano) to finish Joe off.

The film may be exciting enough to those who are not familiar with the play—but to those who are, it can scarcely fail to be exasperating. Why is Lennox, not Macduff, the avenger? Where is young Malcolm, and whatever became of Fleance? The three witches have been neatly condensed into one character, a faded flower-seller who prophesies with Taro cards and a crystal, and Seyton has been changed into Angus—beautifully played by Mr. Walter Crisham as a dry, disdainful butler accustomed to service with a better class of person.

I don't deny that Mr. Yordan has displayed considerable ingenuity, but I do beg him to stop fooling around with Shakespeare and to lay off *Hamlet*, at all costs.



Ruth Roman can think of several uses for a dagger, besides sharpening pencils, in *Joe Macbeth*

"TIGER IN THE SKY" is just another story of a dedicated airman who persists in flying, despite the protests and pleadings of his wife, until he is killed in the inevitable crash. The fact that it is based on the life-story of a real American air ace—Capt. Joseph McConnell, who fought spectacularly in Korea and died recently testing a new type of jet-'plane—doesn't, I'm afraid, make

it any more interesting or acceptable to me.

Mr. Alan Ladd in the title-role is, for him, quite conversational—which considering the poor quality of the dialogue is a pity. As an actor, he always seems most effective when he has nothing to say: perhaps this is because, in the silence, one can imagine something profound going on behind that now rather podgy poker face. Miss June Allyson, of course, plays the loyal, little, ever-loving wife. It's an efficient job—done several times too often.

"A SLICE OF LIFE" is, in fact, five assorted slices of Italian life—giving an over-all impression that the Italians are poor, passionate, nostalgic, devout, irrepressibly gay and, above all, devastatingly voluble. The charming Signor Vittorio de Sica figures in two of the stories—once as an elderly count who, as a film extra, meets an impoverished marchioness and renews with her a half-forgotten romance, and once as an amorous bus driver, bursting with *joie de vivre*. He is, for me, the best thing in a pleasing little film.

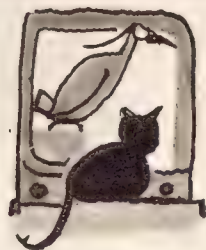
—Elsbeth Grant



MAX BYGRAVES, who stars in *Charlie Moon*, appears as a country boy who achieves West End success which ends in disillusionment. Leaving the bright lights behind him, he tramps the countryside and finds happiness with a travelling circus. With him here is seen Jane Asher, as Benesta, the circus owner's daughter. Other stars are Dennis Price and Michael Medwin

Television

FETTERS STRUCK OFF



The Gramophone

PLOT KEPT UNDER

TWO of John Rhodes's Wednesday evening (10.20) programmes, "Points of View" and the admirable "Foreign Press Club," suggest that here I.T.A. offers at least one fixed point for reasonably adult, sophisticated viewing. (To-night is the turn of "The Wide Wide World," which I have not yet seen.) They represent, moreover, a step further than the B.B.C. has yet taken towards free, informal or unscripted discussion.

The first "Foreign Press Club," where the London correspondents of leading Continental and American journals really lounged about, drinks in hand, in a tolerable imitation of a club room, and discussed matters of moment with every appearance of spontaneity, made the B.B.C.'s "Brains Trust" look rigidly platform-bound. Not that the "Brains Trust" is without its sparks. The return of Cdr. Campbell, pillar of sound radio's original "Brains Trust," will be widely welcome this Sunday. I welcome also the reappearance of Peter Brook, who somebody said had been described as our most brilliant young stage producer for longer than the speaker cared to remember. For Mr. Brook has the non-specialist kind of human intelligence which this programme demands.

BY far the B.B.C.'s greatest achievement in the field of intelligent talk remains "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral." If I suggest that this favourite programme is dipping below its usual standard to the catch-penny idea of a "Ladies' Night" to-morrow, I must not be misunderstood as despising my own sex. On the contrary. I shall view with eager interest the performances of Jacquetta Hawkes, Molly Castle and Olwen Brogan. But it would be more in keeping with the programme's usual level to present them as archaeologists competing with Sir Mortimer and his peers, than to herd them into a women's reservation. I know that at least one of the distinguished scholar ladies agrees with me.

By the time this is in print somebody may have relaxed the dog-in-the-manger lockjaw arrangement by which both TV services show a solid hour of sport at the same time on Wednesday evenings. This is as unfair to those of the public who do want to view sport as to those who don't.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

THREE weeks ago *The Pajama Game* opened at the London Coliseum, where one assumes it will be running for the next twelve months. So far there is no Long Playing recording of the British cast, though that will most certainly be released quite soon; there is, however, an exceptionally good L.P. of the American production, specially produced for records by Goddard Lieberson.

Musically this show is far superior to the plot and book, to which Richard Adler and Jerry Ross have supplied score and lyrics, and it is fortunate for the gramophile that only a minimum of the dreary and often inconsistent story emerges on the recording. John Raitt, who has considerable experience in musical comedy to his credit, is excellent and ideally suited to the medium of the gramophone. Janis Paige, making her Broadway debut in *The Pajama Game*, projects herself convincingly and competently, completely overcoming any obstacles of brashness with which the authors have endowed her part.

BUT the main attraction of this recording is in three numbers featuring Carol Haney, who was, on the opening night at the St. James Theatre, New York, quite unknown to most of the audience. These numbers, "Her Is," "Steam Heat" and "Hernando's Hideaway," are a gift, and there is no doubt that Miss Haney realises their value.

It will be interesting to hear how the British counterparts of these three first-class performers cut into the grooves. Both Edmund Hockridge and Joy Nichols are talented and thoroughly experienced, and even though they will have to be on their toes all the time, I believe they will compare favourably with what must be classed as two very nearly perfect gramophonic performances. Elizabeth Seal, who, like Carol Haney, was unknown on the opening night, may yet have to learn the technique of making records in spite of her unquestionable talent as a visual artist.

I commend this American L.P. for your pleasure, at the same time making the reservation that when the British equivalent is released, I hope it will merely be a matter of paying your money and taking your choice! (Philips BBL 7050.)

—Robert Tredinnick



Mr. Peter Munster and his newly wedded bride at the reception in Belgrave Square



Lady Naylor-Leyland, wife of Sir Vivyan Naylor-Leyland, Bt., brother of the bride, who is his only sister, with Mr. S. Hornby

Lady Diana Cooper, wife of the late Viscount Norwich, and Miss N. Fahie



Mrs. T. Bassett and the M. Dufferin and Ava, were tu



Capt. H. Montgomerie-Charrington, Mr. Dru Montagu and Viscountess Galway



Countess Munster, mother of groom, was talking to Lo

AN AUTUMN WEDDING AT ST. P

THE wedding took place recently of Mr. Peter Munster, son of Count and Countess Munster, of the Manor House, Bampton, Oxfordshire, and Miss Veronica Naylor-Leyland, (right) daughter of the late Sir Edward Naylor-Leyland and of Lady Naylor-Leyland, of Nantclwyd Hall, Ruthin, North Wales.



Lady Rosemary Muir, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, and Lady Bridget Garnett



Ann, Lady Orr-Lewis and Mr. I. F. Uhlfelder at the reception, which was held at the home of Mr. Henry Channon, M.P. for Southend



The Hon. Katharine Smith, younger sister of Viscount Hambleden, and Lady Mary Bailey, only daughter of the Earl of Haddington



Mrs. David and Miss Duffin, the bride, at

ness of
guests



Suzanne
bride-
groom

MR'S



Leyland, formerly
ay, sister-in-law of
daughter, Amanda



Standing By OPERATION HAYBAG

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

NEXT to the U.S. Marines, the Gordon Highlanders have been called on by booksy girls to rescue, in the nick of time, more sweethearts facing worse-than-death in jungly Imperial outposts than any body of crack troops in history. This you may have recalled, as we did, on reading that their First Battalion was lately flown to Cyprus.

Fortunately times have changed, and the pibroch's distant skirl and the thrilling swish of the sporran through the elephant-grass are no longer required for Chap. LXVIX. Croaking, clean-cut white men at bay have likewise, incidentally, given up passing their last bullet to Muriel; a piece of Nordic etiquette which lapsed, we find, round about 1920, when Rollo Fauncethorpe was so taken aback by the girl's reaction.

"What's this for?"

"You. . . . We're surrounded, little girl."

"Oh, good."

The fact being that Fauncethorpe was, like so many white men, a petrifying bore, whereas the chief of the cannibal Nbongos turned out to be a perfect sweetie, with all that epigrammatic charm one expects from a typical Rugger Blue. Which was just as well, a recent Army Order having prohibited the employment of all Highland troops henceforth on what is known as Operation Haybag, the generic War House term for P.E.N. Club girls.

"Balliol men don't eat each other!"—the hackneyed old cry may have rung out on this occasion for the first time, who knows? (They do.)

Cuppa

WITH every cup of "espresso" coffee drunk in an exotic bar at 9d., making a 100-per-cent. profit for somebody, is served a precious dollop or slab of Latin

Atmosphere, as one of the leading types in the racket lately reminded a Fleet Street sleuth. We asked a psychologist about this item. Since it temporarily dispels the *fatigue du Nord* it has therapeutic value and is not to be despised, he thought.

He incidentally recalled a previous experiment of the kind which flopped. Desiring in his integrity to give the Race happiness and joy, a City boy bought up a job-lot of authentic Mexican sombreros, planning to get them worn on the South Coast beaches one summer. He failed. The Island Pan quite obviously does not go with a Mexican hat, and to see innocent eyes staring at Life from under those curly and cynical brims affords the onlooker, however buoyant,

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,

a stab of almost intolerable pathos. But if costume can do little or nothing to bring the Race release—who has not felt his heart sink at the first glimpse of a Chelsea Arts Ball?—a wellplanned *décor* certainly can. It may be therefore that the espresso boys' ninepence is not the overcharge it seems.

You get the same thing for 5d. in Italy, admittedly, but without the *décor*. Maybe before long the Latins also will go in for exotic coffee-bars, evoking typical interiors in (say) Huddersfield or Penge. No? Recollect, whites, that when Balzac wanted to invest a woman character with foreign mystery and allure he caused her to be born in Birmingham.

Jerk

A MASSIVE wad of literature, the kind the Army describes in a five-letter word, arrived last week by post from H.M. Commissioners of Inland Revenue. It turned out to be the Weekly Tax-Tables,

1955-6, for our many employees (was the Groom of the Chambers excited!), and it occurred to us that they might like us to review it also.

Well, not being a Book of the Month choice it frankly neither grips, shatters, or disembowels, and in fact lovers of raw stuff will lay it down quite easily. What the serious reader will chiefly miss is that element of *surprise* which makes Belloc's *Servile State* a model of its kind—namely, the occurrence, suddenly and only once, among a few score pages of calm, grimly solid, and close-packed reasoning, of the two splendid words "This fool . . .," referring to The Practical Man. We think the anonymous author of *Weekly Tax-Tables* could have blasted the serious reader out of his seat once or twice with similar success. E.g., an insertion halfway down Table B, Week 45 (Feb. 8-14):

"Total tax due to date, £8 17s.," brusqued Blake Transom. His steely eyes held a merciless glint.

"I spit on it!" Myra flung herself on the sofa. The dusk was plangent with her sobbing. "You swine, Carruthers!" tensed Tony, flinging himself at Lord Balham.

Nothing more till, say Week 52, where under "Total tax due, £41 17s.," the author might add "'Goodbye,' gruffed Transom. He put on his bowler. The girl's body was already cold. He stepped over it carefully. Outside, in Green Street, the birds were singing. End." No explanations. Just a pleasing, unexpected jerk. Why not?

Lines

WRITTEN in gentle chiding of the British sailor who recently left his trousers in a Stockholm park:

Professors struggling with a Mind
May sometimes leave their pants behind;
But when a sailor takes this fit,
People are apt to notice it.

BRIGGS by Graham



Mr. P. M. Barclay was partnering his wife in a slow fox-trot during the evening



Mrs. J. Knott and Mr. E. E. Warburg were among the first couples on the dance floor

Miss Jane Rule and Mr. Ian Egger. There were more than 250 guests at Hurlingham



O'Neill

BRYANSTON'S SUPPORT GROUP MET

THE Bryanston Society, pledged to further the aims of Bryanston School, recently had a dinner and dance at the Hurlingham Club, when the chief guest was the Earl of Verulam. Above: The headmaster, Mr. Thorold Coade, with two puppies he "discovered" in giant serving-dishes. Below: Mr. and Mrs. M. Beswick and Mrs. and Mr. Dick Hardy



it is childish of us, no doubt, to be so disconcerted.

Wonderful, exasperating Paris!

WHAT a week we have had in the entertainment world. It opened with the gala première of the Moisseier ballets at the Palais du Chaillot. The art, the brilliant technique, the humour, the freshness of this young Soviet Russian company, enchanted one of the most eclectic audiences I have ever been part of. Red-shirted, black-sweatered, hirsute Communists rubbed elbows with *soigné* White Russians in tails. Exquisite *haute couture* creations worn by the comtesse Fels, the duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, the vicomtesse de Noailles, Marie-Louise Bousquet, Jeanne Aubert, Mme. Juliette Achard, and so many other lovelies of the stage and of society, mingled quite happily with the old-skirt-and-shabby-cardigan attire of many charming young persons. Their names were unknown to us, but their self-possession proclaimed they were Somebody—in their own opinion at all events.

At the Théâtre Marigny, the Renaud-Barrault company gave us M. André Obey's adaptation of Aeschylus's great trilogy, the Agamemnon, the Choephoroe and the Eumendies, that recounts the story of Orestes. Jean Louis Barrault's staging of the great Athenian poet's terrific tale of horror is a magnificent achievement. Barrault himself was a tragic Orestes, Mary Bell a magnificent and horrible Clytemnestra, and Marguerite Janins a petrifying Cassandra.

There was only one *entr'acte* to this immensely grandiose 3½-hour entertainment. In the first five minutes the bar ran out of whisky. Thanks be that there were still other pick-me-ups, and we made do with them gratefully. With stiffened vertebrae and heart restored to its right place, I returned to my seat, proud to be present at such a highbrow première.

A FEW hours later we convened again at the Théâtre de Paris for the *répétition générale* of Marcel Pagnol's *Judas*. This time with less trepidation for—as Marie Chantal, France's national nitwit, remarked—"We know the story!" This also was an event. Not only because this was Pagnol's comeback after having forsaken the stage for the screen for so long, but because Elvire Popesco has taken over the management of the Théâtre de Paris. She has made the place so sumptuous with fresh paint, thick carpets and glittering chandeliers that only the lovelies who were wearing the very newest Diors felt really comfortable. We discovered, with great interest, that although we thought we "knew the story" we had never sensed the tortuous and tormenting working of Judas Iscariot's mind. That, interpreted by Pagnol, moved us to pity.

A strange, magnificently acted and beautifully produced play.

Exempt d'impôts

● Heard at the Marigny première: "Of course, now one knows where Clouzot gets his grim ideas from."



Michel Molinare

PRINCE AND PRINCESS JEAN DE CARAMAN CHIMAY at their home, Sainte Preuve, with their labradors Jessie and Jules. The Prince is a keen sportsman and has spent many shooting seasons in England and Scotland. He is the head of a great Rheims champagne firm

Priscilla in Paris

THE INDISCREET DUSTBIN

IT is humiliating to discover how easily one allows oneself to be more worried by little things than big things. The headlines of the daily Press are catastrophic. French politics, always a headache, are now a migraine with a crisis-of-the-nerves thrown in gratis. At a time when the country needs a strong Government it looks as if she may find herself in one of those stagnant doldrums when for days—and sometimes weeks—she has no Government at all.

But do we look worried? Do we weep into our morning *café au lait*? Do we ring up our Dearest Enemy, whose charlady also chars for the wife of one of M. Pinay's secretaries, in order to ask silly questions and listen to idiotic replies? No! we crumple the flimsy sheets into the wastepaper-basket and get on with our dressing. But when, later, we sally forth complete with flat heels

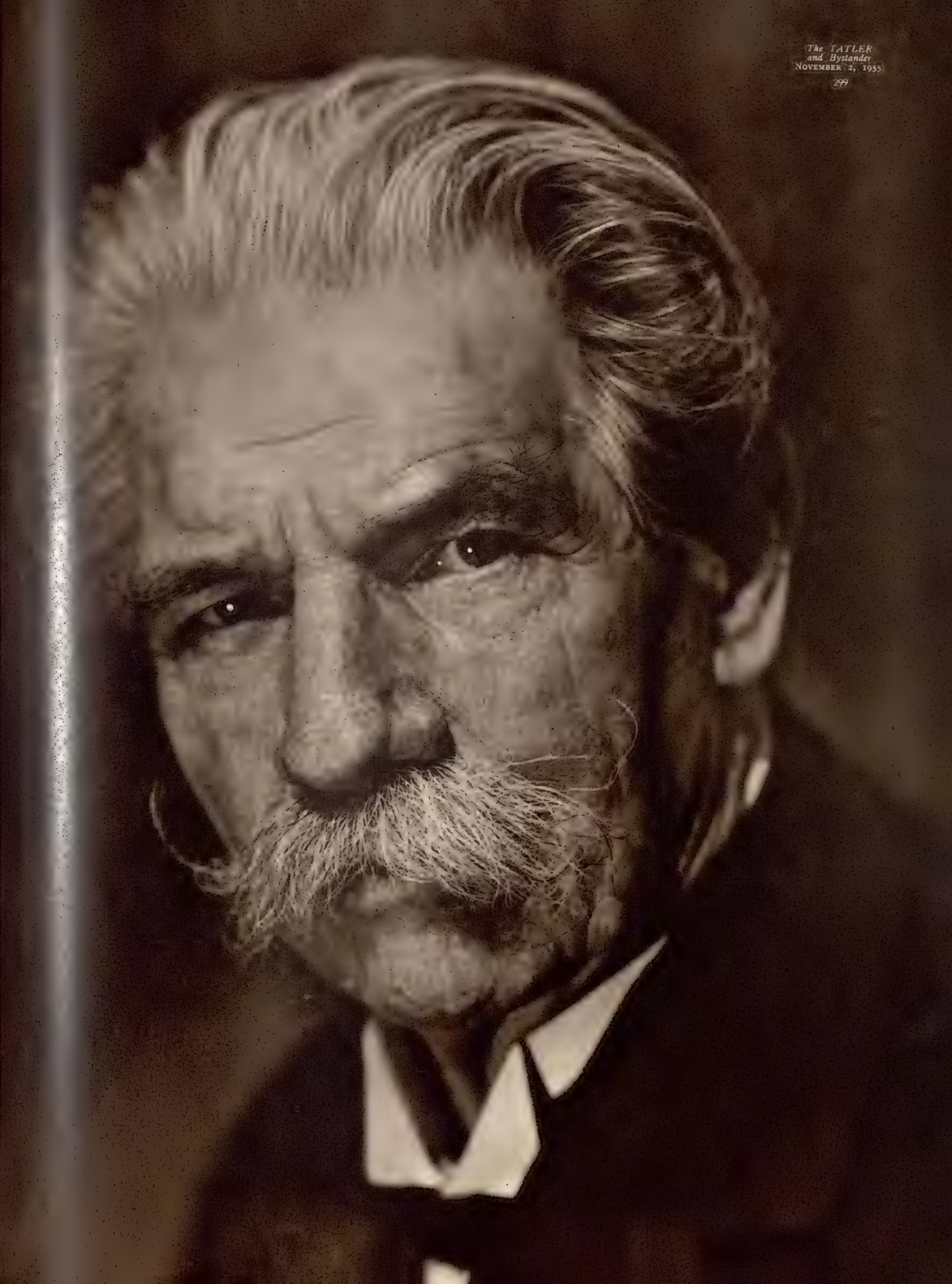
and shopping-basket, and fall over the dustbins that are still waiting on the kerb to be emptied, then our wailings rock the foundations of the city.

THERE is something extraordinarily exasperating about these "surprise" strikes. Such cat-and-mouse affairs. This week the scavengers played up. The dustcart did not call round for two days, and all the eighth *arrondissement* is aware that the household of H.E. the Cardinal Feltin—in the rue Barbet de Jouy—is fond of oysters, and that the Pretty Lady at number so-and-so, in Thingamajig Street, doesn't even bother to tear up her love letters.

Another day the postmen failed to ring even once. A nostalgic gloom descended upon those of us to whom the morning mail can mean so much.

Since these surprise strikes last only a day or so at a time, or even only a few hours,

DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER, O.M., the surgeon, philosopher, theologian and musician, whose dedicated work as missionary-surgeon and founder of his own hospital at Lambaréné, in French Equatorial Africa, has made him into a legendary figure. At the age of eighty, this remarkable man is still at the height of his powers as a doctor, musician and philosopher. During his brief stay in England last month he received the honorary award of the Order of Merit from H.M. the Queen, and was made an honorary Doctor of Law of Cambridge University. This remarkable photograph of Dr. Schweitzer was taken by Eric Cook.



EDUARDO MALTA, the distinguished Portuguese painter, is holding an exhibition of his work at Frost and Reed, in Bond Street, from November 1. A fine example of his style is this portrait of Mrs. Polly Gugenheim, Ambassadors of the U.S.A. in Lisbon

Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

THE DOLLAR'S TWO SIDES

"JOURNEY with a purpose" might be—though it is not—the sub-title of *JOURNEY DOWN A RAINBOW* (Heinemann-Cresset; 18s.), joint work of J. B. Priestley and his wife, Jacquetta Hawkes. This is not just one more book about America. The impressions recorded in it are not random, but are relevant to the end in view, which was this—Mr. and Mrs. Priestley conceived the idea of studying, simultaneously and, as was necessary, apart, two extremes, two opposing poles of civilisation co-existing under the Stars and Stripes.

The all, or almost all, inclusiveness of America, the amount and variety of the divagations which the United States unite, often takes one's breath away. And seldom can the preposterous range of contrast have appeared more clearly than it does in this admirable book.

THE Priestleys, having so far travelled together, dismounted from the vibrating ribbed-steel train around midnight in Kansas City Station, and said good-bye to each other. Miss Hawkes then re-entered the train (where, finding her seat occupied, she had a slight battle) and headed for New Mexico. Mr. Priestley, after one of those ego-annihilating pauses with which those given to American night-travel become familiar, claimed his train and headed for Texas.

Miss Hawkes—archaeologist with, as her work shows, a strongly poetic-imaginative bent—was interested in American Indians: that is, in the customs, art, ceremonials and background mystique of a (so far) by no means vanished race. Mr. Priestley turned his eye upon tribal rites which seem more, rather than less, bizarre than those of the Indians: the gatherings, for all purposes, of rich Texans. During their different explorations, the husband and wife kept in touch by letter: these letters, interspersed by monologues (as it were, pages from journals) make up *Journey Down a Rainbow*.

We watch Miss Hawkes move slowly towards the primitive, through an outer

zone of tourist-exploitation. In Albuquerque she had the first taste of New Mexico's blend of Spanish and Indian culture, from a hotel overwrought with wrought-iron curlicues—I was only sorry she did not mention the outdoor carillon playing "Abide With Me" which (in, I could be certain, the same hotel) reduced your reviewer to tears at the sunset hour. We have to thank her, throughout *Journey Down a Rainbow*, for her share—a vivid, dramatic memory, at once photographic and sensuous.

Indeed, so good is her sense of comedy that we would fain linger in scenes from which she would fain depart—the outer courts, chatty and kindly-cranky, of a more sombre, anciently-rooted world. Yet, later, who can be sorry she reached her goal! Her desert pieces, her rhythmic, hypnotic descriptions of Indian dancing, and her reactions to Taos are inimitable.

MR. PRIESTLEY's letters to Santa Fé, and his self-addressed intermittent jottings, record an existence spatially less mobile but psychically no less concentrated. He proceeded from Dallas (from whence he made periodic excursions to Fort Worth) to Houston, where he remained—that was enough, and one cannot wonder! Texas hit him, full blast, like a furnace-door opening, like a 100 m.p.h. gale. Only due (I think) to the fact that Mr. Priestley is Mr. Priestley did he preserve equilibrium.

The heat at that season was not climatic but, rather, generated by mammoth and non-stop social activity. Nothing in Texas, apparently, is not outsize, and if a good guy is not a millionaire he is at least likely to be a magnate. Home life (so far as there is any), fun-seeking, celebrations, functions and athletic occasions are all to scale. Gregarious is the word.

TEXAS is not "typical" of America—indeed, what one portion of that great country is? Mr. Priestley sought it out for this reason: Texas, thanks to its wealth, space, opportunities and vitality-engendering air and sunshine, realises the extreme American day-dream. Gladly would others live like this, if they could! Here, in the Texan parts of *Journey Down a Rainbow*, we have an analysis of this lived-out daydream, at full force. In the same way, in Texas can be diagnosed the extreme of the underlying American maladies—inverse, we are made to see, of the day-dream.

Nomadism, with its inherent vacuum, is a subject for particular study—as a theme this recurs through the Priestley part of this book, and the pages devoted to it are startling. Food and its horrors—I could not more agree with Mr. Priestley on the subject of steak, in Texas or elsewhere—also exposes





Mrs. E. W. W. Bailey congratulates her husband's retriever on his contribution to the bag



Below: Mr. E. W. W. Bailey, from Charlton Abbots Manor, near Cheltenham, Glos., with his loader

A SHOOT IN LINCOLNSHIRE

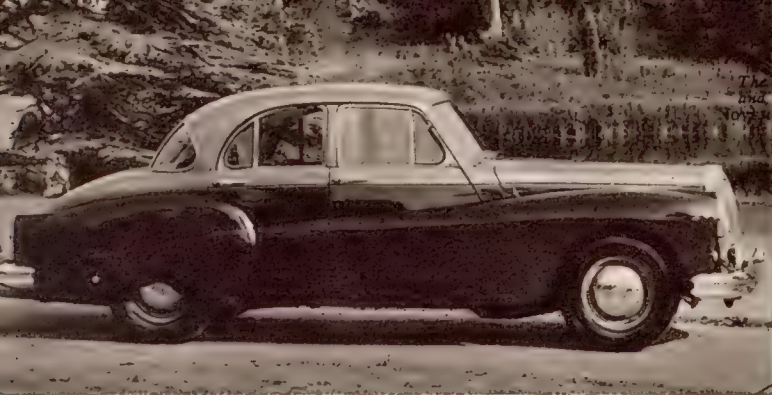
ON his estate at Rothwell House, near Caistor, Lincs, Mr. Joseph Nickerson owns one of the best shoots in Britain, developed and tended with scientific care. The all-time partridge record for the country was established there in 1952. On a recent fine morning, 160 brace of partridges were accounted for, helped by a good breeze for driving. Above, right: The host prepares to take aim. Mrs. Nickerson acted as loader to her husband throughout the day



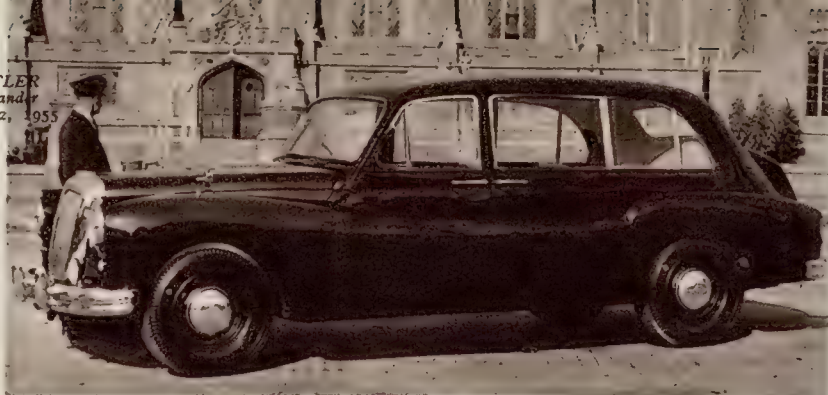
Mr. E. R. Yates, from Essex, waits at the first stand across Cabourne Valley, where more than twenty brace were killed. The beaters were wives of estate employees



"Young or old?" Mr. and Mrs. Guy Moreton, from Pickenham Hall, Norfolk, investigate. Ratio was 2-1



A WRAP-AROUND REAR WINDOW is one of the features of the new Daimler 4½-litre four-light saloon, which has a four-speed pre-selector gearbox incorporating an overdrive ratio



ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST CARS is the Daimler DK 400 limousine. The body is built with special attention to the elimination of dust and noise, and there is seating accommodation for seven

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

WHERE BRITISH CARS SCORE

IT is a good moment to look back at some of the criticisms which were directed at the Motor Show. First there was substance in the view that British motor-car manufacturers showed signs of being short of technical ideas or of being timorous about introducing them. The number of British cars showing technical novelties was negligibly small. Improvements were almost entirely confined to door handles, lights in luggage boots, changed seats, new colour schemes and details which fall outside the province of basic engineering.

The enthusiast found himself disappointed by the sameness of the basic specifications. He was forced to look to the Continental manufacturers for signs of that experimentalism which is the salt of automobile progress. Air-cooling, two-strokes, front drive, rear engines, disc brakes and fuel injection; these were to be found at Earls Court, but *not* on the stands of the big British manufacturers.

BUT now let the other side be given. If the attention is turned away from the motor-car specification to its performance on the road; if engine and chassis details are forgotten, and if the vehicle is assessed in terms of riding comfort, miles to the gallon, miles to the hour and trustworthiness; then the severest critic must give the British motor-car manufacturer praise. I do not know where so much performance can be bought for £1269 as in the 2.4-litre Jaguar saloon. It is, I imagine, the best value in road performance to be had anywhere to-day.

If hard, practical motoring is the objective, the new Standard Vanguard 3, at £849 (I am giving these figures with purchase tax, but without the pence and halfpence beloved of the Civil Service officials who calculate the amounts), is good value. The external appearance has been improved by the lower line, and my own experience with tubeless tyres suggests that the decision to fit these tyres as standard to this model is sound.

If all the trappings of motoring that go with a big American car are desired, there is the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire, which can be had with fully automatic transmission and with power-assisted steering. And if the emphasis is again to be on road performance, there is the new 2.3-litre 4-cylinder

Sapphire saloon at about £1500 with tax. Here mention must be made, in parenthesis, of the party at which Armstrong Siddeley announced their models. It was the best of the Show. A luncheon was given at the Dorchester, and the planning of the meal had obviously received individual attention instead of being left to the routine recommendations of a restaurateur. The consequence was something simple, but of exceptional merit.

PERFORMANCE is a notable feature of the new One-O-Four Daimler cars, which I have not been able to deal with before because of the "release dates." The saloon is £2671, and although it retains the Daimler characteristics of smoothness of operation, it has a high top speed.

There is one other way in which to look at the British product as distinct from its Continental rivals, and that is from the angle of price range. We often hear that British makers produce too many models. We hear that large-scale series production is impeded by the variety of different cars offered to the public. The variety of models, however, has nothing to do with it. As one distinguished manufacturer pointed out at one of the Show parties, it is a matter solely of the variety of *parts*.

THUS many different kinds of building can be made from a few kinds of standardised brick, and the bricks can be put into large-scale production. So the critics should be more wary when they complain of an excessive variety of British models. Ingenious planning has enabled large numbers of components to be standardised, but used in different ways in different cars.

Hence we have the extended price ranges of the Ford cars, for instance (from about £390 to £960), of Morris cars (from £529 to £957) and of Austin (from £475 to £2430). The price can be fitted to the means of the buyer within a wide range, and this without detracting from the advantages of full-scale series production.

One other point about British makers is that they have introduced overdrive on a big scale. Laycock Engineering told me that thirty cars at Earls Court were fitted with

their overdrive. In some it is an optional extra, in others it is standard equipment. The Sunbeam Rapier, for instance, has the overdrive as standard, and that is also true of the Bristol 405. Rover, Standard (for the Vanguard), Humber (the Super Snipe), the Sapphire 2.3, and the Jaguar 2.4 offer it as an optional extra.

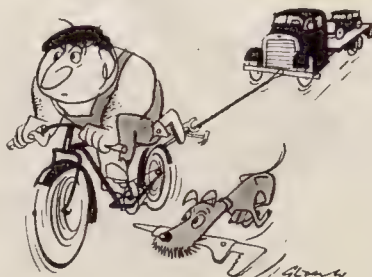
DESPITE efforts on the part of the police, the parking problems at Earls Court were bad. The fault lies in the central fact that people are allowed to build enormous exhibition halls, large hotels and huge blocks of offices without being compelled to provide adequate parking or garage space. It is a reflection on our planners, who fiddle with trivialities but miss the central and important point. Every day we see fresh buildings going up, giving a higher density of population to the square metre of area; yet with less accommodation for the vehicles which go with that population than there used to be 100 years ago. They did, in those days, build a mews when they built a large house.

While on this subject of parking, I would like to commend the Standing Joint Committee of the Royal Automobile Club, the A.A. and the R.S.A.C. for their action about parking meters. These things are an imposition on motorists and they ought to be resisted.

The leader writer who favoured them on the grounds that the public highway is for the passage, and not for the accommodation of vehicles, has a curious idea of travel and transport. Perpetual motion was not in the minds of road-builders at any time. To stop as well as to go is one of the functions of a vehicle and the roads should provide for it.

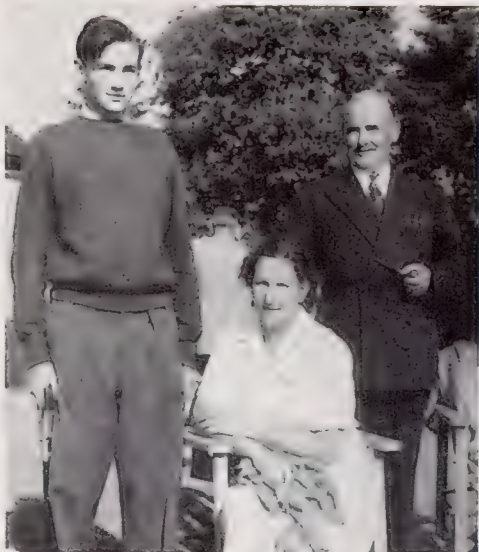
IT is time that this conception of perpetual motion on the roads was exposed for the absurdity it is. The stationary car has as much right to its bit of road as the moving car. Stationary, it may be as much fulfilling a transport function as when in motion.

And if these leader writers object to stationary vehicles, they might well take arms against the standing which is imposed by the traffic congestion resulting from our bad roads.





The Marchioness of Northampton, a very keen amateur, and her Irish cousin, Mr. Robin O'Brien. They reached the fifth round



Mrs. Douglas Little (formerly Miss Dorothy Round the tennis champion), who competed, with her son Ian, who caddied, and her husband Dr. Little

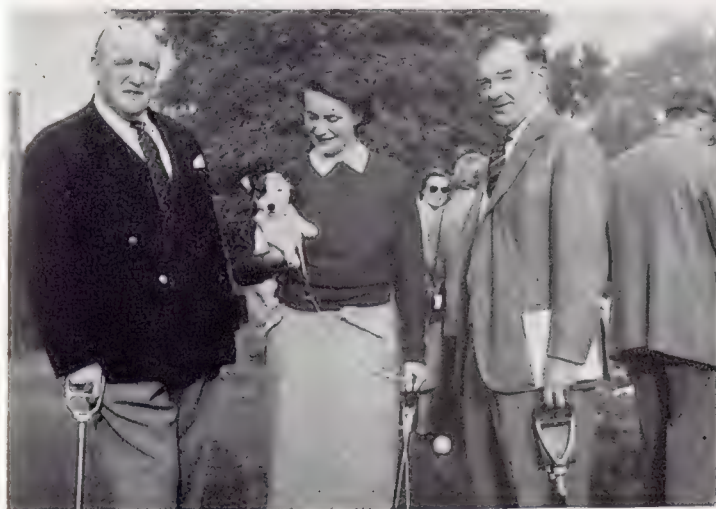


Mr. George Duncan, the Welsh International player, putts, watched by his partner Mrs. Audrey Vann Oss. They were runners up

GOLF'S GREAT "FAMILY PARTY" AT WORPLESDON

THIS year's Mixed Foursomes at Worplesdon, Surrey, were played on four of the pleasantest days of the autumn. Excellent golf was seen, and the event was bound together by a conspicuous spirit of cordiality

Col. Charles Hezlet, D.S.O., with his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Hoare, who played together



Mrs. Jessie Valentine and Mr. G. E. Beharrell were partners, as were Miss Jeanne Bisgood and Mr. J. S. O. Haslewood



Partners Mr. E. J. S. James and Miss Molly Gourlay lunching with Miss Jean Donald and Miss Bettine Burges



The winners, Mr. Philip Scrutton (centre) and Miss Philomena Garvey, with the Duke of Sutherland and (left) the runners up

D. R. Stuart





THIS woman is staying in this evening, and cooking dinner for herself and her husband. For this she will want clothes that are gay, amusing, and, above all, blissfully comfortable. Opposite, Dorville's snuff-coloured silk jersey blouse, worn with their dull blue and black striped velvet slacks. Top left, a very full skirt made of green and white pebble wool tweed, worn with a green, brown and flame-coloured Paisley patterned wool blouse. Both are by Spectator Sports, the blouse stocked by Simpson. Centre: A Creed Casual designed for E. R. Hill. Made of scarlet wool, it is a button-through model with patch pockets and a cardigan neck. From Harrods. Finally, a house coat of turquoise green velvet cord by Horrockses. It has a pretty sailor collar and the very full, trailing skirt makes it a most romantic garment. Harvey Nichols have it. Photographed at the house of Terence Conran.

Described by
Mariel Deans

AN EVENING AT HOME



1

SOMEONE once said that a reputation for being well dressed could best be gained under exceptional and disastrous circumstances, to look wonderful when roused in the middle of the night by fire or flood, makes a far greater impression than to look ravishing at Ascot. This might well apply to one's wet-weather appearance. A waterproof is usually the last garment on which a woman wants to spend money; yet the really first-class article, well-tailored, and good to look at, goes far towards establishing a reputation for chic, surrounded as it will be by the sodden, the bedraggled and the plastic-macked!



2

HOW TO WIN A RAINY DAY REPUTATION



Armstrong Jones



3

4



- 1 This classically plain wool gabardine coat has raglan sleeves and a fly-fastening front. This is the kind of perfect simplicity that people will come to buy from across the world. From Burberry, Haymarket
- 2 "Fiesta" is a rather nice rubberized coat that is made of a shantung mixture fabric, very light and warm, by Dunlop. The little hat goes with it and both are stocked by George West, Oxford Street
- 3 Here is a neatly belted showerproof coat by Aquascutum. It is made of West of England cloth. Notice the full raglan sleeves which are drawn into cuffs and the turnover collar that can be worn up or down
- 4 Oatmeal hopsack backed with rubber makes this pretty pale coat by Valstar. The becoming hat is made of the same material and both come from Bourne and Hollingsworth, Oxford Street

For the open air girl in London

THIS good looking suit by Crayson struck us as an excellent investment for the autumn and winter. Made of oatmeal coloured or black and white pebble tweed, it is cut with a rather long jacket with low placed pockets and a big cosy collar of beaver lamb. Priced at 17 guineas, it comes from Fenwicks of Bond Street, who also sell the hat and shirt. Below, a little velvet hat which costs 29s. 6d. (turquoise blue here, but to be had in many colours). The pins at the back are opalescent pottery. Far right: Exactly like a man's shirt, Fenwicks' blouse worn outside like this or tucked inside the skirt. Made of sunflower yellow needlecord, it costs 59s. 6d.



*The TATLER and
Bystander*
NOVEMBER 2, 1955 309



John Cole

**CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK**
by Mariel Deans

Tally Ho!

WITH the start of the hunting season, our thoughts turn to horses and hounds, and the sort of accessories that fit in with this colourful country sport. Here are some which would make attractive presents for equestrian friends

— JEAN CLELAND

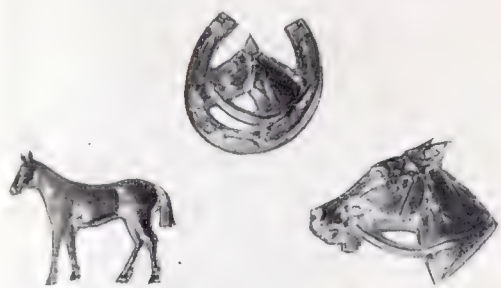


Right: For a country wet day, an umbrella with a classic "horse's head" handle in carved horn from Woollands, costing £5 9s.

Left: Red velvet accessories for tweeds, from Wetheralls: Belt £2 12s. 6d., beret £3 3s., bag £2 12s. 6d. complete with "Pappa Fourway" horse jewellery

Dennis Smith





Above: Ideal for country wear is Wetheralls' "Pappa Fourway" jewellery. The pieces cost 10s. 6d. each

Right: Viennese desk set in leather. Engagement pad £3 17s. 6d., address books £1 10s. and £3 5s. 6d., calendar and memo pad, £5 10s. From Finnigans



Above: Present for a riding enthusiast. The "Stirrup Clock," price £2 6s. 6d. to be had from leading stores

Right: Parisian silk squares with a "Meet" design. Price £6 16s. 6d. from Wetheralls

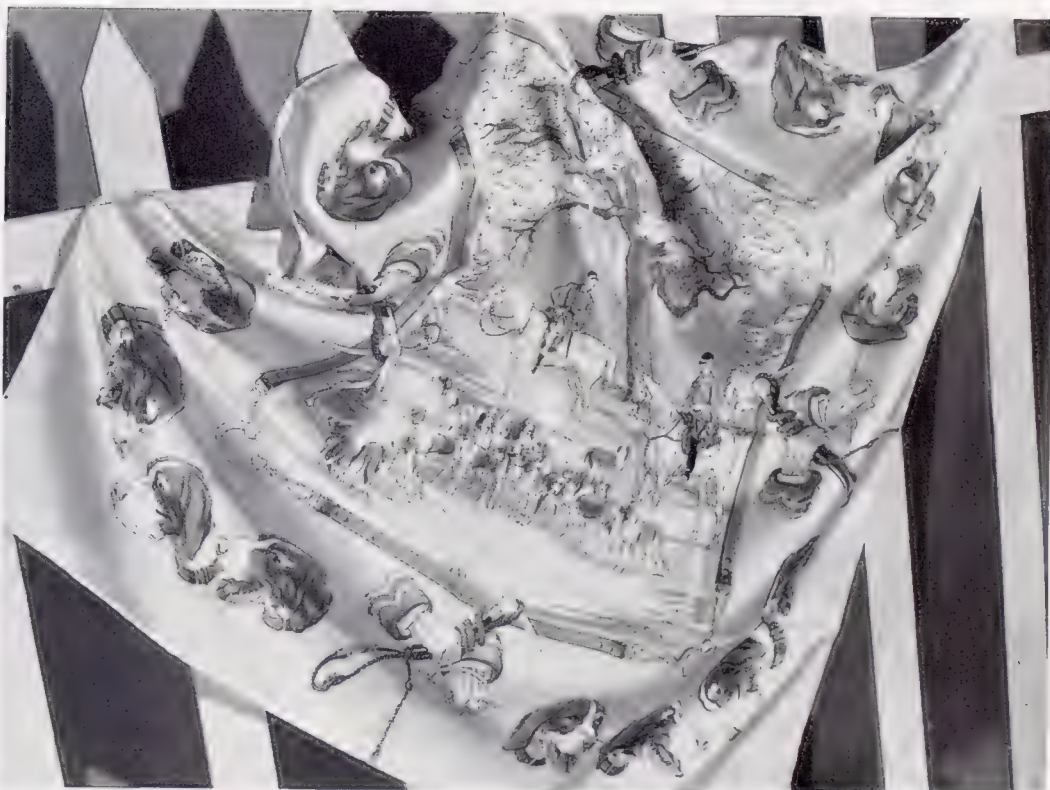


Table mats with hunting prints. Those above are for cocktail time (£2 5s. set of six) those on the right for luncheon or dinner (£5 5s. set of eight). From Woollands



Beauty

The coiffeurs hold their salons



John Cole

"EVENING." A charming youthful style by French of London, which can easily be changed slightly for daytime



Roy Round

"SEQUIN MANTILLA," with the hair rippling and flowing into a chignon effect at the neck. A Vidal Sassoon style



SIDE VIEW of Vidal Sassoon's "Sequin Mantilla." These coiffures all illustrate the "by day and night" principle

SHOWS given by the leading hairdressers of their latest styles are becoming such frequent events in the world of fashion and beauty, that to review each one separately would be an impossibility. Were I to attempt such a thing, I would either have to leave some out, or else devote my weekly articles entirely to hair.

Like the fashion writers, therefore, I propose to group several of the outstanding shows together, starting with three which have taken place recently.

Two of these were given by well-known and established stylists, French of London and Riché of Hay Hill. The third was a newcomer, Vidal Sassoon, who, said to be Mayfair's youngest hair stylist, worked with many great hairdressers in London and Paris before making his independent début.

Each of the three shows varied as much in the manner of their presentation as in the hair styles themselves, which were all refreshingly different. I say refreshingly because, of one thing you can be quite sure; that is, that our heads are no longer going to look all of a pattern. We can be as individual and as distinctly different as we please, and still be in the fashion.

FOR his show, French of London gave his annual "breakfast," a very pleasant and original affair, to which I for one always look forward. Hot coffee, sausages, bacon and scrambled eggs are a good start to any day, and when these are a background to such designs as those shown, the result is highly satisfactory.

French has always had an uncanny instinct about "the shape of things to come," and it is interesting to observe how many of his predictions prove correct. At the moment he is concentrating on the long, sleek silhouette, because he believes that hair is the most important accessory to fashion. While his latest styles would suit any age, I had the feeling at his show that youth was particularly well served. Something about his easy, flowing style suggests the springtime of life, when anything too studied would be out of place. Each one is easily adapted from the simple daytime line to a more glamorous one for evening. Many delightful "Party Accessories" are in the "Boutique" which adjoins the Salon.

INVIGORATED by the recent launching of his "Champagne Shampoo," Riché of Hay Hill gave at the May Fair Hotel a gay and lighthearted presentation of his latest styles, all of which showed immense skill and imagination. The proceedings were greatly enlivened by the witty compère of Robert Beatty.

Riché forecasts the return of long hair, but since only one woman in 10,000 can grow hair 36 inches long, naturally the other 9,999 will have to resort to additions in a variety of forms. To demonstrate how effective the additions can be Riché brought two models on to the stage and sat them back to back. One girl was English, with fair hair, the other Japanese, with sleek and shining black hair. "I want you," said Riché, "to try and detect which girl has long hair."

Most of us guessed the Japanese, but with a deft twist, Riché lifted the swathe of black hair right off, leaving a short crop underneath. Then he drew out the pins from the English girl's top knot, and released a long mane of fair hair, which hung down to below her waist.

Riché's main theme this season is the "Bottleneck Line," in which the hair is directed to the crown of the head. The nape remains clear, with a complete absence of anything resembling tight curls.

LIGHT relief at the show was provided with a selection of hair styles for evening, designed "for fun," and named after different cocktails. These were embellished with a variety of "impractical" hair ornaments created by Riché, with great ingenuity. The last one, called "Hangover," was shown by a lovely girl who wore her long, golden hair swept across to one side, caught with a jewel, and then left to hang loose over one shoulder.

Of Spanish ancestry, Vidal Sassoon's show, also given at the May Fair Hotel, was clearly influenced by the colour and atmosphere of Spain. The theme was the "Torro Line," based on hair longer in the nape, and falling into a chignon effect. The first half of the show consisted of day styles, in all of which there was great freedom of movement, with some quite lovely effects. The second half was devoted to styles for cocktails and evening wear, with some highly original hair ornamentation.

—Jean Cleland



Zanton

"CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL," a lighthearted fantasy for festive occasions this coming winter, created by Riché



"CHIANTI," also by Riché, illustrates his new bottleneck line and shows how additional hair can be blended in



"SILHOUETTE," by French of London. This casual daytime look is another that can be adapted for evening wear



Lenare

Miss Felicity Anne Rivers-Fletcher, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Rivers-Fletcher, of Norwich, and of Mrs. L. R. Galloway, of Campden Hill, W.8. is engaged to Sir John Hall, Bt., son of the late Sir Frederick Hall, Bt., and of Ollwyne Lady Hall, of Belsize Road, N.W.6



Miss Jill Trench Fox, elder daughter of the late Mr. W. Trench Fox, and Mrs. Trench Fox, of Penjerrick, Falmouth, Cornwall, is to marry Sub-Lieutenant Rodney Carne, R.N., the youngest son of Captain W. P. Carne, R.N., and Mrs. Carne, of Tresahor House, Constantine, Cornwall



Dorothy Wilding

Miss Joycelyn L. B. Pomfret, daughter of Surg. Rear-Adml. and Mrs. A. A. Pomfret, of the Royal Naval Hospital, Plymouth, is to marry Capt. Alexander C. S. Boswell, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A.B.S. Boswell, of Cluny Gardens, Edinburgh

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Bassano

Miss Jane Tansley, only daughter of Sir Eric Tansley, C.M.G., and Lady Tansley, of Fantails, Chislehurst, Kent, is engaged to be married to Mr. Colin Hamilton Shankland, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Shankland, of Berkeley Court, N.W.1



Lenare

Miss Sarah C. G. Milburn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Milburn, of Foxberry Tower, Chafton, Northumberland, is to marry Mr. D. R. Micklem, son of the late Cdr. Sir R. Micklem, C.B.E., R.N. (retd.) and Lady Micklem, of Eastbury Court, W.14

THEY WERE MARRIED

Fellowes—Tremlett. Mr. David Lyon Fellowes, younger son of Brig. R. W. L. Fellowes, C.B.E., M.C., of Dalmally, Argyll, and Mrs. Mokrzyzewska of Burntisland, Fife, married Miss Elizabeth Mary Tremlett, daughter of Major-General E. A. E. Tremlett, C.B., T.D., and Mrs. Tremlett, of Woodhayes Farm, Honiton, Devon, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, London, S.W.1



Brooks—Todd. Mr. Robert Noel Brand Brooks, son of Major and Mrs. N. B. Brooks, of Fairgreen Farm, Churchill, Oxon, married Miss Caroline Diana Todd, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. G. H. N. Todd, of Court House, Stretton-on-Fosse, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos, at St. James's Church, Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire



McCall—Warren. Mr. Patrick Angus McCall, M.C., youngest son of Mrs. M. McCall, of Lynnbury, Mullingar, Westmeath, Ireland, married Miss Joyce Margaret Warren, of Kings Court South, London, S.W.3, elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Warren, at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road, S.W.7



Parker—Molesworth-St. Aubyn. Major John St. Aubyn Parker, Royal Fusiliers, eldest son of the late Hon. John Parker, and of the Hon. Mrs. Parker, of Pound House, Yelverton, South Devon, married Miss Johanna Katherine, elder daughter of Sir John Molesworth-St. Aubyn, Bt., and Lady Molesworth-St. Aubyn, of Pencarrow, Washaway, Bodmin, Cornwall, at St. James's, Piccadilly



Tiley—Nichol. Mr. Roy Tiley, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Tiley, of White Walls, Dulwich, married Miss Patricia Ley Nichol, daughter of Mrs. Olive M. Nichol, of Lansdowne Walk, London, W.11, and the late Mr. Reginald Bach, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



**From the
Model Millinery**

A cossack cap of Persian lamb
designed and made in our own
workrooms.

Can be made up in customer's own fur

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

[Continuing from page 300]

Book Reviews

Where orchids fail
to compensate

itself to criticism: why *should* the richest people in the world outrage every known gastronomic law?

Most acute—and, it may seem, most revolutionary—is the study of relations between the sexes. America, Mr. Priestley asserts, is (contrary to belief) *not* a woman's country. Privileges which the ladies enjoy are compensatory—and, even so, frustrated and bitter hearts beat under folds of mink and cascades of orchids. Nothing will shake him in his argument; and, personally, his argument shook me. On no account miss reading these searching passages.

"JOURNEY DOWN A RAINBOW," as I have tried to show, is at once spontaneous and well, nay, masterfully constructed.

Each dramatic contrast takes full effect. Against "J.H.'s" "Dance at Santo Domingo" we may set "J.B.P.'s" "The Football Game at Fort Worth"; "Mesa Verde" is to be seen in balance against "Saturday Night in Dallas," and the "Inauguration of Channel 13" (an organized television orgy) cannot but go on haunting the mind when one switches to the ritual solemnities of "The Shalako." And, this book holds an implicit warning—is not Britain invaded, already, by something of the American day-dream, and how far may we hope to find ourselves proof against that daydream's attendant maladies?

accounts of disaster and agony are not stinted. All relate, however, to the heroic concept.

The ship's name is to an extent symbolic. Between the H.M.S. Ulysses of this story and the Ulster-class destroyer of that name there exists no connection of any kind: this the author tells us in a prefatory note. The Tennyson poem, which haunts and inspires Capt. Vallery, vibrates like harp-music through the whole:

It may be that the gulf will wash us down . . .
That which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

★ ★ ★

WINIFRED LAWSON'S *A Song To Sing-o!* (Michael Joseph, 21s.) is an autobiography sure to find itself friends. This famous English soprano writes as she sings: unaffectedly. Clearly does she deserve the tribute paid to her by Sir Malcolm Sargent in the Foreword: here's a personality everyone liked and likes—and never was leading lady less "prima donna-ish!" To the engagingness of Miss Lawson's manner is added the obvious interest of her subject: the outstanding career of a soprano, and of one moreover many years in the forefront of the D'Oyly Carte Company, vowed to Gilbert and Sullivan.

Miss Lawson's inside pictures of thronged London seasons and no less triumphal tours (including one in Canada) will be valued by generations of fans. The Gilbert and Sullivan favourites, she says rightly,

hold the elixir of everlasting youth. And her own young days, onward from the Wolverhampton childhood, with her adventures since leaving D'Oyly Carte, are recounted with frankness, goodwill and zest. *A Song To Sing-o!* is generously illustrated by photographs, most of which recall operatic moments.

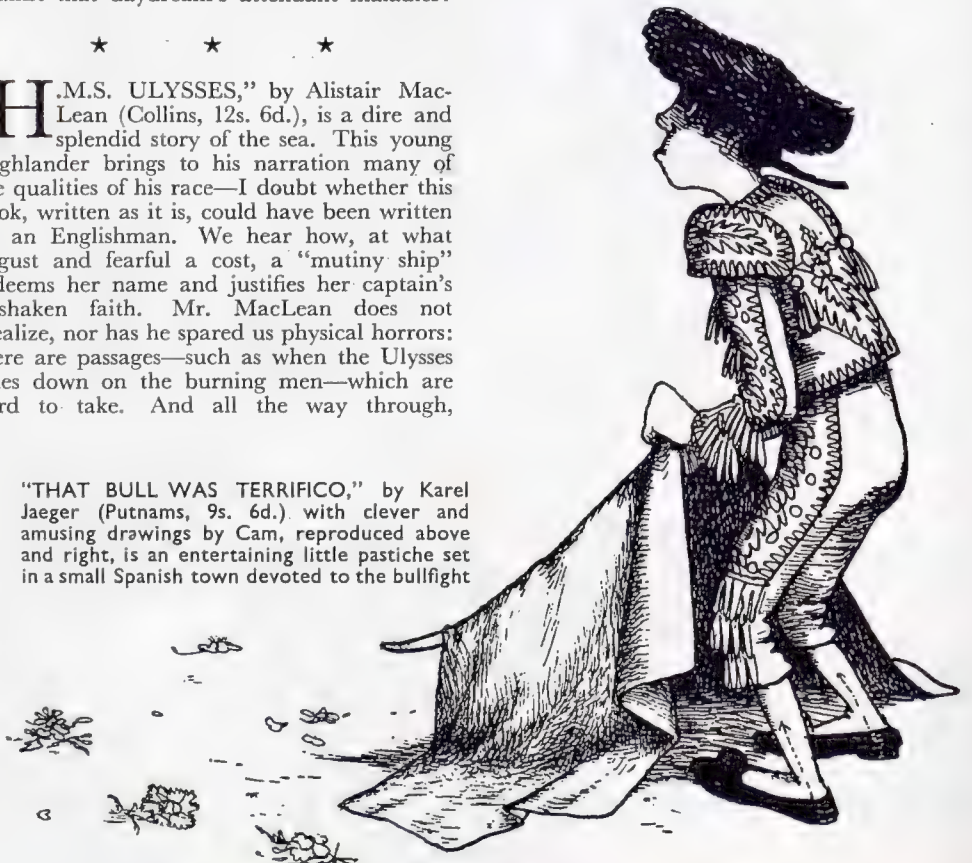
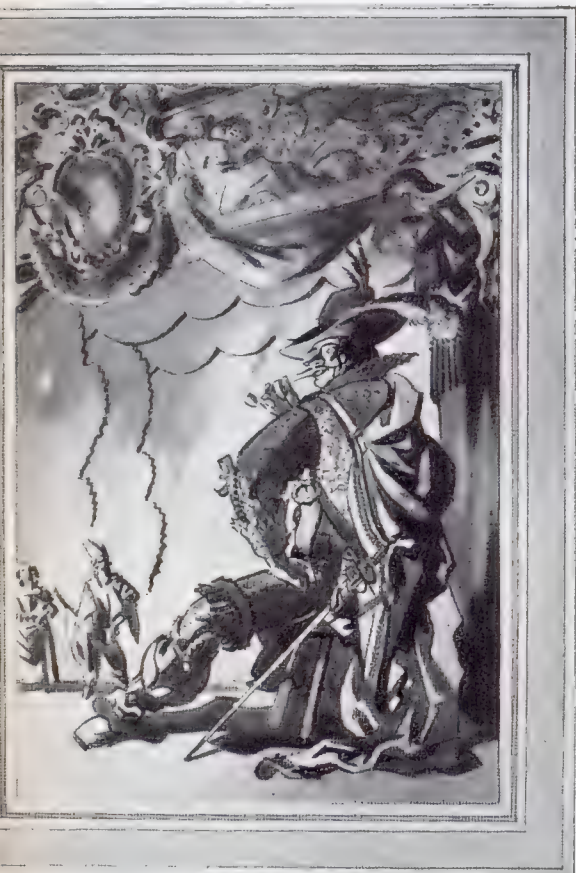
★ ★ ★

"H.M.S. ULYSSES," by Alistair MacLean (Collins, 12s. 6d.), is a dire and splendid story of the sea. This young Highlander brings to his narration many of the qualities of his race—I doubt whether this book, written as it is, could have been written by an Englishman. We hear how, at what august and fearful a cost, a "mutiny ship" redeems her name and justifies her captain's unshaken faith. Mr. MacLean does not idealize, nor has he spared us physical horrors: there are passages—such as when the Ulysses rides down on the burning men—which are hard to take. And all the way through,

"THAT BULL WAS TERRIFICO," by Karel Jaeger (Putnams, 9s. 6d.) with clever and amusing drawings by Cam, reproduced above and right, is an entertaining little pastiche set in a small Spanish town devoted to the bullfight



"A THEATRE OF NATURES." Some Seventeenth Century Character Writings edited by Isobel Bowman (Bles, 15s.), has delightful illustrations by Laurence Irving, two of which are reproduced on this page. Above: "The Milkmaid" and (below) "A Tavern." The portraits in this volume have been selected and grouped in such a way as to illustrate the continuity of the English character through the ages



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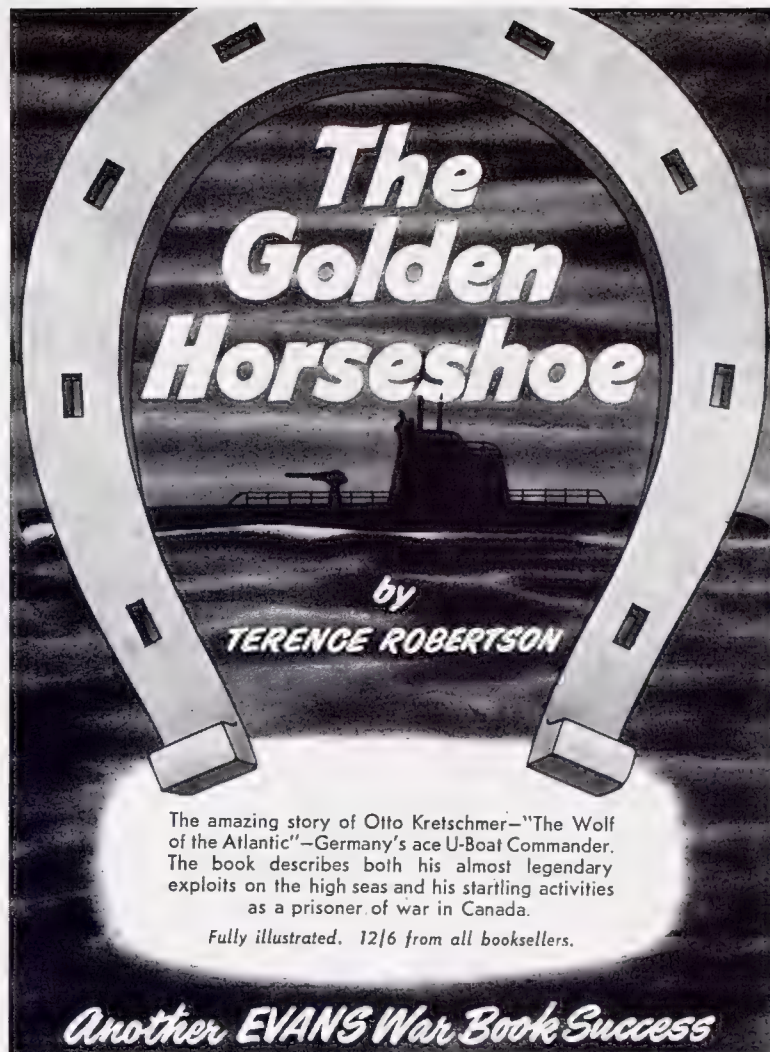
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DINING IN

"Soup of the evening . . ."

I REMEMBER Bianchi who before World War Two was *maitre chef* at the Café Royal, saying, when demonstrating minestrone, "Water is the best stock." And so it is for minestrone, because the flavour of this Italian soup (of which there are so many versions) is blanketed if bone or meat stock is used. This applies to many other vegetable soups, but not to that classic dish, Scotch Broth, said to be inspired by the *Pot au Feu* of France (which is probably quite true, since the French influence in Scotland is evident in so many ways, including speech!)

For the Scotch Broth I am giving here (enough for 6 to 10) you require 2 to 3 lb. neck of lamb or mutton. Trim off as much fat as possible. Well wash the meat and place it in a large pot with 2 to 3 quarts of cold water. Bring slowly to the boil, skim and add a small teacup of barley, previously washed and soaked. Cover, simmer for an hour, then add 1 to 2 diced carrots, half the amount of diced turnip, 1 to 2 finely chopped sticks of celery, 1 to 2 leeks, freed of grit and sliced in rounds, and salt and freshly milled pepper to taste.

COVER again and simmer for a further 1½ hours, when the soup should be ready and the meat just tender. (A little longer cooking will do no harm.) Keep the meat hot enough to serve by transferring it to another pot together with a little of the stock. If there is any fat on the broth, spoon it off and remove the remainder by passing tissue or other absorbent paper over the surface.

To the broth, add a tablespoon of chopped fresh parsley and serve at once. I myself sprinkle the parsley on top of the soup in the tureen, because the flavour is then infinitely better than when the parsley is simmered in the broth.

The meat, served as a separate course with caper sauce, plain boiled potatoes and boiled carrots, would, as far as I am concerned, be better on another day, but the custom has been to serve it at the same meal.

To make the caper sauce: cook a tablespoon of flour in a walnut of butter. Remove from the heat and stir in up to ½ pint strained broth. Return to the heat and simmer, while stirring, until the sauce thickens and the flour is well done. Add a tablespoon chopped capers and a teaspoon or so of the vinegar. Taste for seasoning.

POTAGE SAINT-GERMAIN is a pea soup which we can make very much more easily, these days, than our grandmothers did.

Start with a carrot, an onion and a quart of water. Simmer these together until soft. Add a drained large tin of processed peas (or garden peas, if you prefer them) and simmer all together for ½ hour. Rub through a sieve or mouli-legumes, then simmer until the desired degree of thickness is achieved. Season to taste. At the last minute, stir in a nice walnut or two of butter or the smallest carton of single cream or its equivalent in evaporated milk. (Incidentally, evaporated milk is one of the most useful additions to soup when the richness of this triple thick milk is required.)

Pass croutons separately, to be scattered over the soup at table.

WHenever a new ready-to-eat product arrives on the market, I am torn between two thoughts—the regretful one that we are gradually buying far too many ready-to-eat things, many of them indifferent, and the other, that many women today have not the time to cook and are only too glad to find something which is acceptable.

This past week, however, I found that, reluctantly, I had to applaud a new ready-cooked quick-frozen fish product called Fish Fingers. These were one hundred per cent white fish, coated with crumbs, cooked and quick frozen. They tasted fresh because they were made of really fresh fish and, so often, our so-called "fresh" fish tastes anything but that.

They cost 1s. 8d. for a packet of six "fingers" and would, I think, serve excellently as a snack for lunch or supper or for breakfast. All that is required is to re-heat them in the oven or under the grill.

—Helen Burke

MIXING CHRISTMAS PUDDING, an illustration from *Good Housekeeping's Book of Entertaining* (17s 6d.), which describes in detail how to give twenty-one different types of parties. There are twenty colour plates, many in monochrome



WILLIE NOTARI of La Coquille learned the restaurant business from his father who was chef at Pagani's in the old days. Willie later became the manager there. He came to La Coquille in St. Martin's Lane in 1942



Ivon de Wynter

DINING OUT

Conspiracy of perfection

IF it is considered that dining out is one of the pleasures of life, a thing to be indulged in as often as possible, it is inevitable that on many occasions over the years you will wine and dine extremely well. But only on very rare occasions, due to an exceptional combination of great quality, fine company, perfect surroundings and expert service is a meal experienced which will never be forgotten.

I shared in the delights of such a meal last month, when Guy Prince, chairman of Lebègue, with the enthusiastic assistance of Gordon Rushton, also a director, gave a memorable dinner party the night before the start of their three days' Tasting at London Bridge.

Nineteen guests sat at a round table illuminated by candelabra with scarlet candles; the silver, glass and napery were of a quality to match the occasion.

THERE was a touch of genius in the simplicity of the menu, which matched some of the best of English fare (unobtainable anywhere else in the world) with some fine wines from France, and it is worth reproducing the menu as presented:

| Vins Français | Menu |
|--|--------------------------|
| With the Colchesters: | |
| 1949 Montrachet (bottled in France). | Colchester Oysters |
| With the Whitstables: | |
| 1947 Hospices de Beaune, Meursault, Cuvée Loppin (bottled in France). | Whitstable Oysters |
| | Turtle Soup |
| In your left-hand glass: | |
| 1934 Château Haut-Brion, Pessac (Château bottled). | Roast Grouse |
| In your right-hand glass: | |
| 1929 Château Margaux, Margaux (Château bottled). | |
| Left-hand glass: | |
| 1934 Corton, Clos du Roi (bottled in France). | Pink Cheddar and Stilton |
| Right-hand glass: | |
| 1929 Hospices de Beaune, Volnay Santenots Cuvée Jehan de Massol (bottled in France). | |
| 1945 Château Yquem, Sauternes (Château bottled). | Pineapple, Sweet Coffee |
| Cognac Private Reserve, Liqueurs | |

so we had the quality and the surroundings, and as for the company it is sufficient to name just a few of the principal guests; Marquis Bertrand de Lur-Saluces of Château Yquem, Comte Hubert de Beaumont of Château Latour, Pierre Ginestet of Château Margaux, Seymour Weller of Château Haut-Brion, Henri de Villaine of Romanée-Conti and André Simon. It was an evening of great charm with the sure hand of Erwin Schleyen, director of the Mirabelle, much in evidence.

NEXT day, to the Tastings at London Bridge where one had the pleasure of meeting again the guests of the night before, each in a section of the cellars where his own wines were available. What a vast motley of interested and interesting people, such as Douglas Dillon, the U.S. Ambassador to France; Winthrop Aldrich, U.S. Ambassador to England; Jean Chauvel, the French Ambassador; Sir Seymour Howard, Lord Mayor of London; Haakon Svensson, Wine Buyer for the Norwegian Monopoly; and Sir James Crombie, Chairman of the Commissioners of Custom and Excise.

Also present was Jack Morpurgo, Director of the National Book League, who put on a special display of current books on wine by many of the leading authorities which caused a great deal of interest.

The catering as before was in the hands of that very lively gentleman, Jack Finney of Pimms, and right well had he done the job. There were Orkney lobsters, Fleetwood prawns, saddle of Southdown lamb, a magnificent baron of Scotch beef, boars' heads, York hams, game pies, and the great English cheeses with wines to your choice, including magnificents of Haut-Brion, Lafite, Margaux and Latour, all 1947 and château bottled.

—I. Bickerstaff

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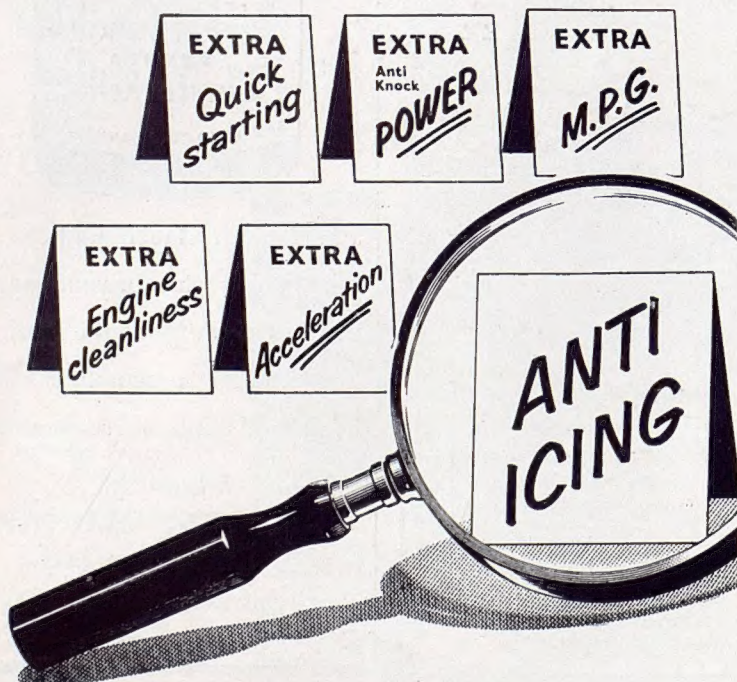
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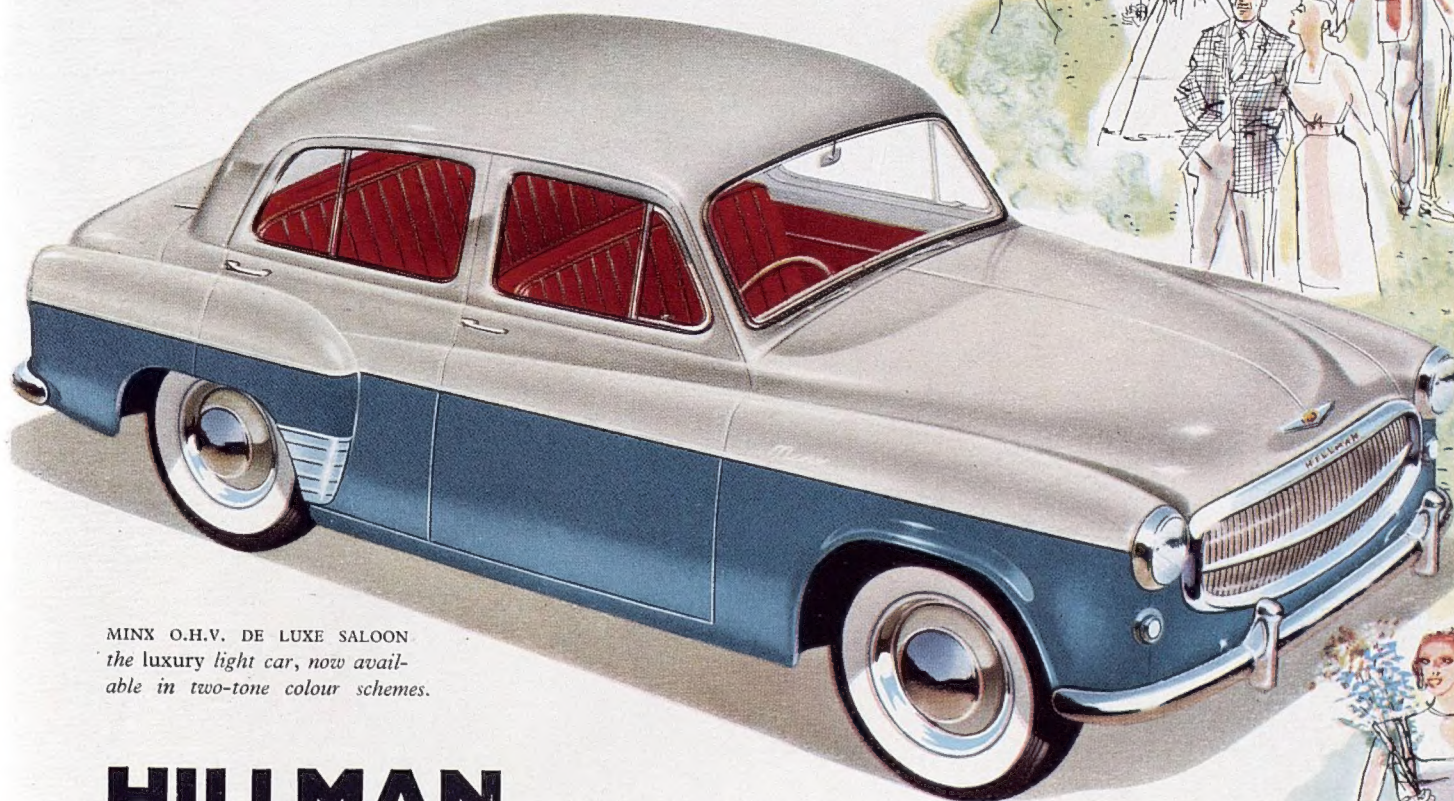
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